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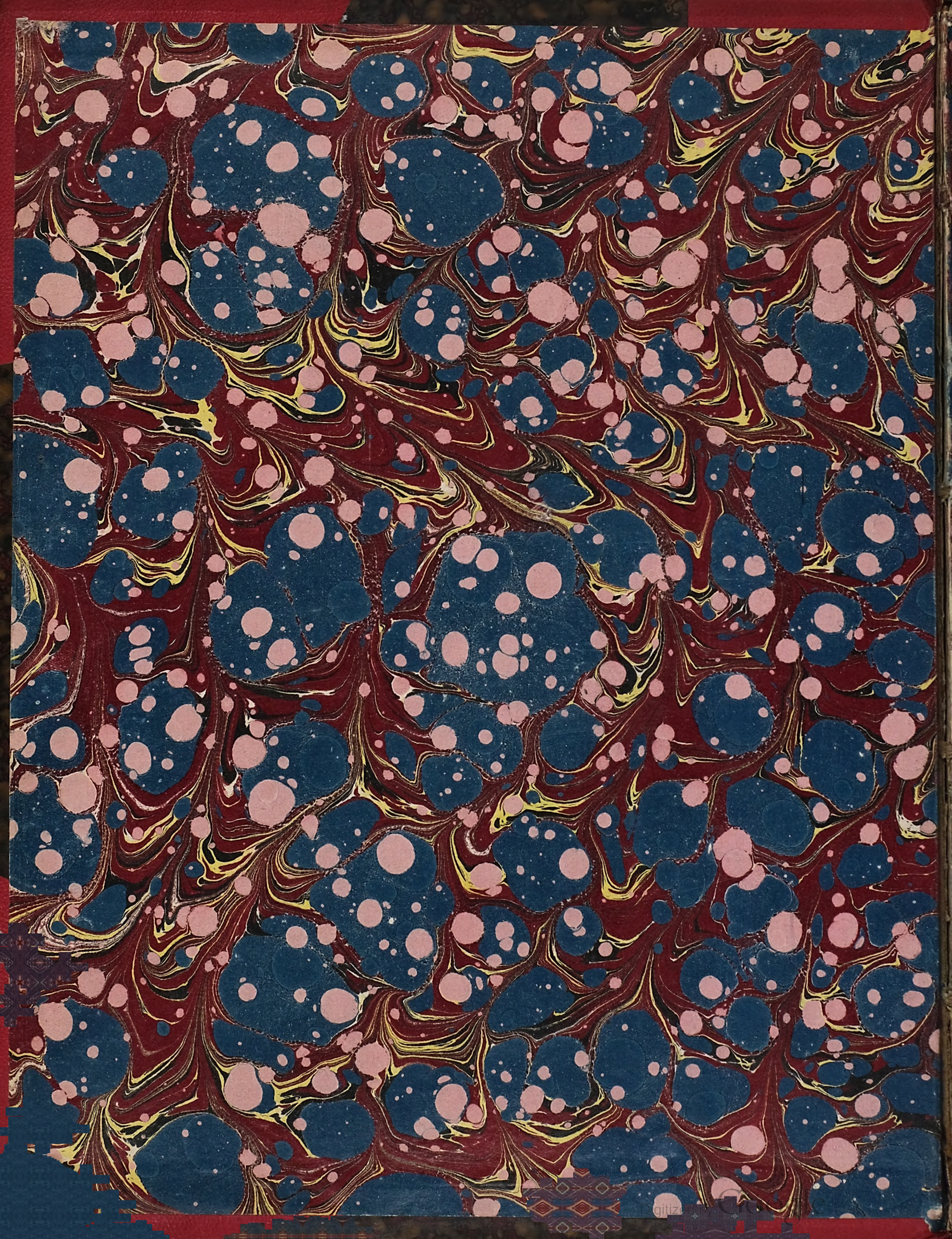

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THE ADVENTURES

OF

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

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LONDON:
CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

BARON

MUNCHAUSEN.

A New and Revised Edition.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE authorship of this very remarkable work, and the object with which it was written, are both subjects upon which it is difficult to speak with accuracy, and which have been long and much disputed. There are few readers, however, of Baron Munchausen who will not be glad to know something of the origin of a work so replete with humour, and so ingeniously put together. Whether the Baron's name should be spelled with two *h*'s (Munchhausen) or with only one (Munchausen) is the first point of discussion. I have in this edition adopted the latter mode of spelling this distinguished traveller's name, because, although the accomplished M. Gautier has spelt it otherwise in his edition, and Mr. F. L. J. Thimm has also adopted the two *h*'s in his "Literature of Germany Historically Developed," I cannot find, in even the oldest *English* edition, that there has been any variation from the familiar spelling—Munchausen. I am fortunate enough to possess a portrait of the Baron, which bears date 1792, and which must have appeared in one of the earliest editions of the book, and the name under it is spelt with the single *h*—Munchausen. This, I think, sets at rest the question of the correct spelling of the name, for, as I shall presently show, the Travels were, in their connected form at all events, originally published in English.

I think that, upon a careful examination of the many claims of certain individuals which have been put forward at intervals to the authorship of Munchausen, it will be fairly concluded that a German named Raspè was the first to collect these amazing incidents of travel, and give them to the public, as the adventures of Baron Munchausen. A writer in *Notes and Queries* (vol. xi., p. 485) states that in English authorities Munchausen is ascribed to the poet Burger, "who took down the adventures from the oral relation of Munchausen, and published them with his own improvements in 1787, under the title of 'Wunderbare Abentheuer und Reisen des Herr Von Munchhausen.'" The volume published by Burger in Germany, in 1787, could not, however, have been the origin of the English work, for I have in my possession a set of curious old copper-plate illustrations to Munchausen, which bears the inscription, "Published as the Act directs, by G. Kearsley, Fleet Street, London, June 10, 1786." Thus Burger's book may possibly have been a translation of the English work, which was published a year earlier. According to M. Duplessis' opinion, Raspè first published his adventures in England in 1785. This Raspè was a renegade fellow, who fled from the officers of justice when they sought to arrest him on the Continent, and at last found shelter in England. In the *Gentleman's*

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Magazine he is described as storekeeper at Dolcoath Mine, Cornwall. The idea of writing such a volume was probably suggested to him by the publication by Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, of his travels at that time, and the great curiosity and incredulity which the relation of his adventures excited. The old copy of the work to which I have already referred has on the title-page, "Humbly dedicated to Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller," &c. &c. The original work was very small, containing only chapters ii., iii., iv., v., and vi. of what is now generally considered a "complete" edition. Additions were early and have been continually made to this work. Thus, an edition of 1819 I find contains about four times as much as the original of 1786.

How far M. Raspè is entitled to much credit for originality is a question altogether different from his claims to authorship. The probability is that, when in Germany, he did hear some old baron — perhaps named Munchausen—relate the greater part of the marvellous adventures which he afterwards coloured, improved upon, and committed to writing. Several of the incidents are to be found elsewhere related, with little and sometimes without any alteration.* The "Conversations-Lexicon" states that most of these stories related of Baron Munchausen are to be found, under the title of "Mendacia Ridicula," in vol. iii. of "Deliciæ Academicæ," by J. P. Lange (Heilbronn, 1665). The preface to an edition of 1819 candidly admits (in equivocal English) that "some of the hints, and a few of the facts, are taken from Lucian's 'True History' (as he ironically calls it); particularly a short account of such things as were discovered in the moon." Southey found the original of two of Munchausen's adventures in a Portuguese magazine, called "Folheto de Ambas Lisboas." There can be little doubt, therefore, that "Munchausen's Travels" is really a collection of curious incidents and adventures from various sources, and that the work owes its title to the fact of the original edition being chiefly composed of tales with which a certain Baron Munchausen used, in Germany, to amuse his guests. It may be interesting to refer to one adventure related in this volume as a remarkable instance of a story which has "gone the rounds" of different countries, and cannot be claimed by Raspè as an original Munchausen. The story of sound being for a time frozen in the post-horn is to be found, with little variation, in French in Rabelais (liv. iv., cc. 55, 56). A writer in *Notes and Queries* is of opinion that something like it is to be found in one of the late Greek authors; while Bishop Taylor uses it in a sermon as an illustration. Once, in the south of Spain, a muleteer with whom I was journeying related to me the following legend, which he informed me was of great antiquity, as no one remembered the author of it; and it seems to me that this Spanish legend (which I have never seen in print), may probably be the source of the remarkable stories about frozen sounds. My muleteer told me that a certain don, having travelled to the cold regions of Russia, vowed that if the Holy Virgin would bring him safely back to his sunny fatherland, he would dedicate a bell to her, and hang it in his village church steeple. He went to a celebrated bell-maker in Russia to procure the offering for the

* *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii., p. 519.

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Virgin. Having selected the most beautiful one he could find, he asked the maker to sound it, so that he might judge of the quality of its tone. The maker informed the don that they had been for three weeks ringing it, but that, owing to the intense cold, the sound was frozen, and they could not get a note out of it. He, however, gave the don a guarantee of its quality, and he returned to Spain, where, having arrived in safety, the bell was hung up in the church steeple. Scarcely had the ceremony of hanging the bell been accomplished, when, without any one striking it, the most wonderfully melodious sounds were heard to issue from it; and they were poured out incessantly for three weeks. Crowds of priests and people flocked to hear and see so wonderful a thing; the priests attributed it to the special favour of the Virgin, "but," added my muleteer, with a knowing wink, "really these were the sounds which resulted from the three weeks' ringing in Russia, and had remained frozen until the bell was in the warm climate of Spain, when they gradually thawed."

In a book of Italian jests* also appears a similar story about frozen sounds, in this case the sounds being the human voice. This story is thus pleasantly abbreviated in *Notes and Queries*:—

"Another story appears to be the original of the well-known incident of the unfreezing of the horn in Baron Munchausen's Travels. A merchant of Lucca had travelled to Poland in order to buy furs; but as there was at that time a war with Muscovy, from which country the furs were procured, the Lucchese merchant was directed to the confines of the two countries. On reaching the Borysthenes, which divided Poland and Muscovy, he found that the Muscovite traders remained on their own side of the river, from distrust on account of the state of hostilities. The Muscovites, desirous of being heard across the river, announced the prices of their furs in a loud voice, but the cold was so intense that their words were frozen in the air before they could reach the opposite side. Hereupon the Poles lighted a fire in the middle of the river, which was frozen into a solid mass; and in the course of an hour the words which had been frozen up were melted, and fell gently upon the further bank, although the Muscovite traders had already gone away. The prices demanded were, however, so high, that the Lucchese merchant returned without making any purchase."

In this edition there will be found many pleasant stories which I think are quite new to English readers; for these we are indebted to the charming French narrative of M. Théophile Gautier.

T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, M.A.

* "Cortigiano," originally written by Castiglione, in 1528; Edition 1803, vol. i., pp. 182—184.

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THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

CHAPTER I.

A VOYAGE TO RUSSIA, IN WHICH THE BARON PROVES HIMSELF A GOOD SHOT—HE LOSES HIS HORSE, AND FINDS A WOLF—MAKES HIM DRAW HIS SLEDGE—ENJOYS HIMSELF AT ST. PETERSBURG, WHERE HE MEETS A DISTINGUISHED GENERAL.

I SET off on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveller had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland,

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Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as it is the most convenient manner of travelling, provided, however, that rider and horse are in good condition. In this way there is not the likelihood of your having an affair of honour on account of a groundless quarrel with any worthy host, nor being compelled to stop before every inn, at the mercy of the postilion

swindling you. I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced north-east. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness! I pitied the poor soul. Though I

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"I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple."—*Page* 5.

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felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying—

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No sight or sound of a village was to be met with. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety, I placed my pistols under my arm, and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment, to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards, I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were now very plain to me; the village had been covered with snow over-night; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey. [Here the Baron seems to have forgot his feelings;

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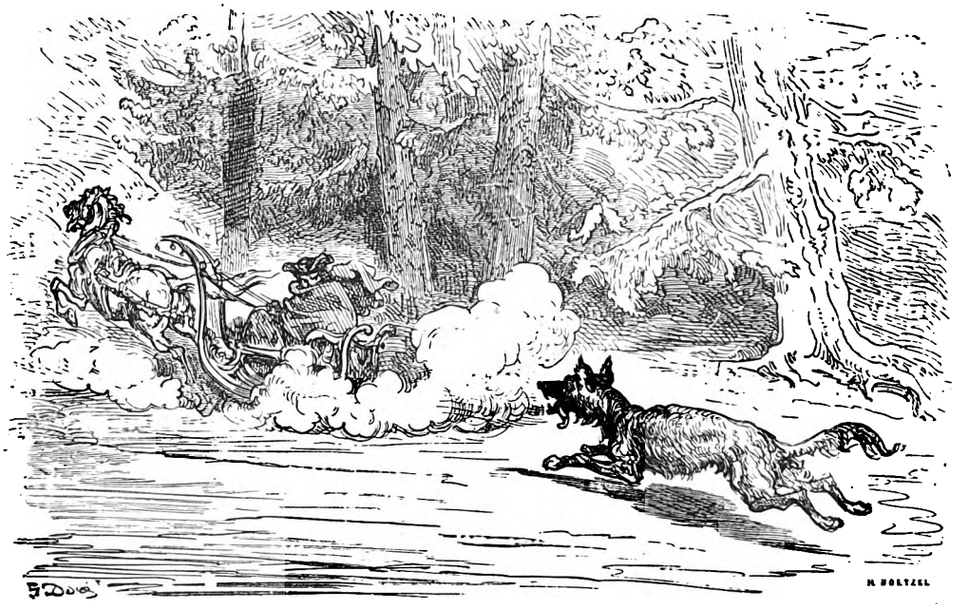
he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.]

He carried me well. Advancing into the interior parts of Russia, I found travelling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter; therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly towards St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it



was in Eastland or Jugemanland, but I remember that, in the midst of a dreary forest, I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger.

He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly

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hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slily up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body. It was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcase dropped on the ground; but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually, we both arrived, in full career, safe at St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences, and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia; nor trouble you with the various intrigues and pleasing adventures I had in the politer circles of that country, where the lady of the house always receives the visitor with a dram and a salute. I shall confine myself rather to the greater and nobler objects of your attention, horses and dogs, my favourites in the brute creation; also to foxes, wolves, and bears, with which, and game in general, Russia abounds more than any other part of the world; and to such sports, manly exercises, and feats of gallantry and activity, as show the gentleman

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better than musty Greek or Latin, or all the perfume, finery, and capers of French wits, or petit-maîtres.

It was some time before I could obtain a commission in the army, and for several months I was perfectly at liberty to sport away my time and money in the most gentleman-like manner.

I passed many a night in play and drinking. The coldness of the climate and the customs of the nation make drinking a matter of more social importance than it is in our sober Germany; and I have found in Russia some people of the highest reputation most accomplished in this practice. But we were all wretched fellows compared to an old general, with a grizzled moustache and a bronzed skin, who dined with us at the table d'hôte.

In a battle with the Turks this brave fellow lost the top of his skull, so that every time a stranger was introduced to him he excused himself, with the greatest courtesy in the world, for wearing his hat at table. He was in the habit of consuming at dinner several glasses of brandy, and as a wind-up he would empty a flask of arrack, occasionally doubling the dose, according to circumstances. Nevertheless it was impossible to discover in him any signs of intoxication. The matter is puzzling, no doubt, and I was a long time before I was able to understand it, until one day, by chance, I discovered the explanation of the mystery. The general was in the habit of raising his hat from time to time. I had

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often remarked it, but paid no attention to the fact; for it was nothing surprising that his head should feel warm and in need of a little cool air. I concluded, nevertheless, that every time he raised his hat he lifted the silver plate, which was

fixed so as to serve instead of the top of his head, and then the fumes of the various liquors which he had drank passed off in light vapours. Thus was the mystery unravelled. I recounted the discovery to two of my friends, and offered to prove its correctness.

I placed myself with my pipe behind the general, and

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the moment he raised his hat, I lit a piece of paper for my pipe. We then enjoyed a spectacle most novel and surprising. I had changed into a column of fire the column of smoke which ascended from the general's head, and the vapours which chanced to be caught in the old man's hair looked like a blue cloud, and he was almost as brilliant as was ever head of a distinguished saint. This experiment did not remain unknown to the general; and though he was a little angry, he permitted us to repeat the practice which gave him so distinguished an air.

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CHAPTER II.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE BARON'S NOSE AND A DOOR-POST, WITH ITS WONDERFUL EFFECTS—FIFTY BRACE OF DUCKS AND OTHER FOWL KILLED WITH ONE SHOT—FURTHER SUCCESSES, AND TRIUMPHAL RETURN HOME—NUMEROUS ANECDOTES OF THE CHASE.

YOU may easily imagine that I spent much of my time out of town, with such gallant fellows as knew how to make the most of an open forest country. The very recollection of those amusements gives me fresh spirits, and creates a warm wish for a repetition of them. One morning I saw through the windows of my bed-room that a large pond, not far off, was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran down-stairs, and out of the house in such a hurry, that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intention; I soon came within shot, when, levelling my piece, I observed, to my sorrow, that even the flint had sprung from the cock, by the violence of the shock I had just received. There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had on my eyes, therefore

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opened the pan, levelled my piece against the wild fowls, and my fist against one of my eyes. [The Baron's eyes have retained fire ever since, and appear particularly illuminated when he relates this anecdote.] A hearty blow drew sparks again; the shot went off, and I killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgeons, and three couple of teals.

Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. If soldiers and sailors owe to it many of their lucky escapes, hunters and sportsmen are not less beholden to it for many of their successes. Thus, for example, I remember one day I saw on the lake, to the shore of which one of my wanderings had brought me, some dozens of wild ducks, too scattered, however, for me to hope that I alone with my gun could reach any number of them. As a climax of misfortune, I had my last charge in my gun. I remembered, however, that I had in my game-bag a piece of fat, the remains of the provisions of which I had a supply when starting. I fastened a morsel of the fat to my bag string, which I cut in two, and the four threads of which I joined end to end. Afterwards I lay amongst the rushes on the bank. I threw my bait, and soon I had the satisfaction to see the first duck approach it eagerly and swallow it. The others flocked together in rear of the first, and so—the oiliness of the fat assisting—my bait quickly passed through the entire length of the duck; the second swallowed it, then the third, and so on the rest. At the end of a few minutes, my morsel of fat had traversed the ducks without separating the string; they were

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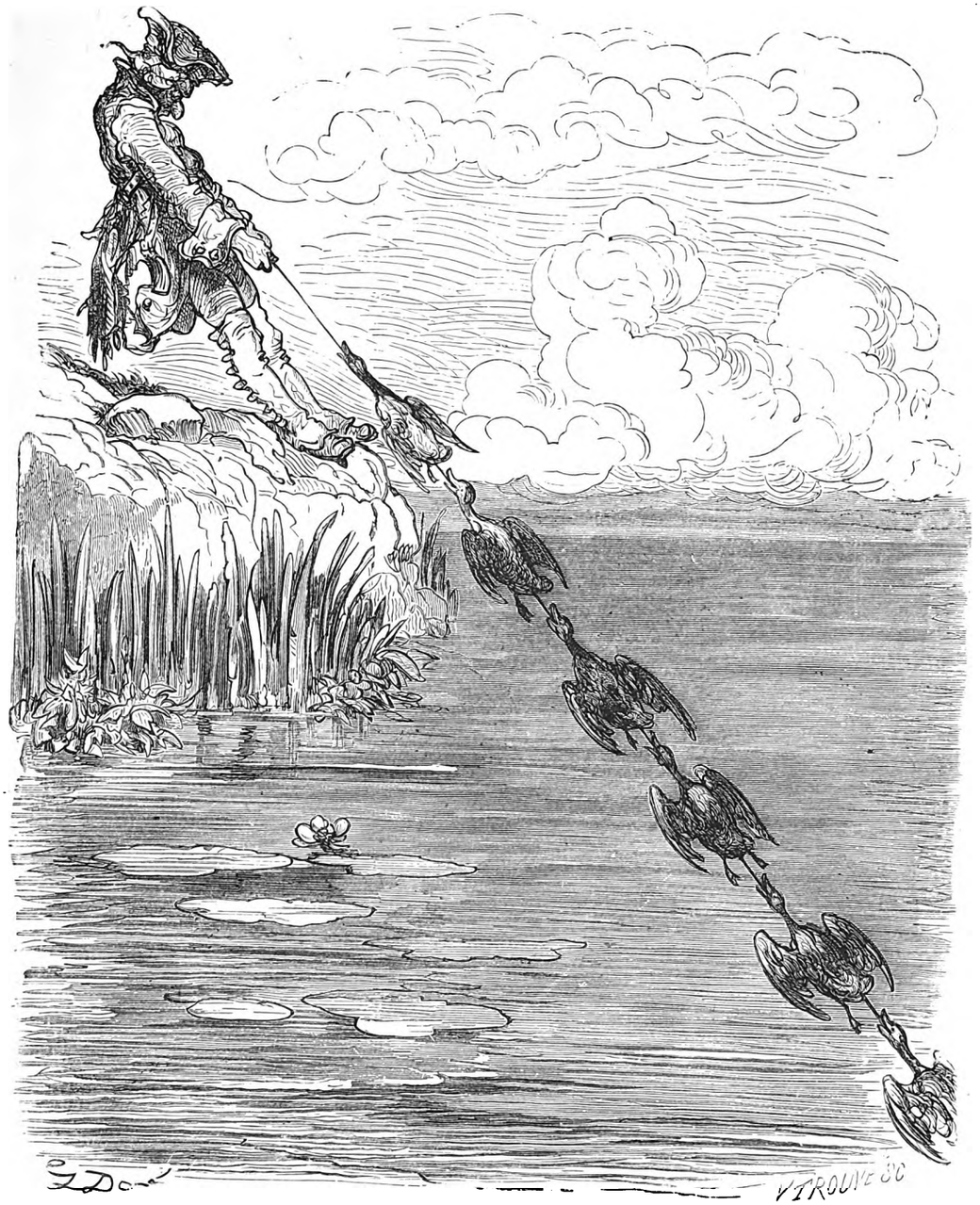

"They were strung like pearls."—*Page* 12.

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strung like pearls. I joyfully brought the whole lot to the bank, and slung them from my shoulders by the thread which was passed through their bodies, and returned home.

When, however, I had made good way upon my road, and so large a quantity of ducks proved a great inconvenience, I began to regret that I had so heavy a prize. But in the meantime an event occurred which, at the moment, caused me some anxiety.

The ducks were again lively; little by little they recovered their first shock, and began to flap their wings, and raise me into the air with them. This was indeed embarrassing. I, however, turned this to my advantage, for, availing myself of the tails of my coat for oars, I guided myself towards my destination. When I arrived at the top of my house, the question was how to come down without injuring myself. I twisted, one after another, the

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necks of my ducks, and so descended through the flue of the chimney, and, to the great astonishment of my cook, fell into the stove, where, fortunately, there was no fire.

I had another adventure, not unlike the former one, with a lot of partridges. I had come out to try a new gun, and I had just exhausted my supply of small shot, when, unexpectedly, I saw rise at my feet a flock of partridges. The desire to see some of them gracing my table in the evening inspired me with an idea. I reached the place where the flock had settled down; I quickly charged my gun, and, in the place of shot, slipped my ramrod in, allowing the end to protrude beyond the muzzle of the gun. I went towards the partridges. I fired the moment they took their flight; my ramrod went through seven of the birds, who suddenly found themselves, as it were, spitted. How true is the proverb, "Heaven helps those who help themselves!"

It so happened, on another occasion, that in a fine forest in

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"I guided myself towards my destination."—*Page* 15.

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Russia I came across a splendid black fox, whose skin was of too great value to allow a shot to spoil it. The fox stood close to a tree. In a moment I extracted the ball with which my gun was charged, and in its place put a good spike-nail. I then fired,

and hit him so cleverly that I nailed his brush fast to the tree. I immediately went up to him, gave him a cross cut over the face with my hunting-knife, took my whip in hand, and flogged him vigorously until he actually leaped out of his skin.

Chance and good luck often correct our mistakes: of this

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I had a singular instance soon after, when, in the depth of a forest, I saw a wild pig and sow running close behind each other. My ball had missed them, yet only the foremost pig ran away, and the sow stood motionless, as if fixed to the ground. On examining into the matter, I found the latter one to be an old sow, blind with age, which had taken hold of her pig's tail, in order to be led along by filial duty. My ball having

passed between the two, had cut his leading string, which the old sow continued to hold in her mouth; and as her former guide did not draw her on any longer, she had stopped, of course. I therefore laid hold of the remaining end of the pig's tail, and led the old beast home without any further trouble on my part, and without any reluctance or apprehension on the part of the helpless old animal.

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Terrible as these wild sows are, yet more fierce and dangerous are the boars, one of which I had once the misfortune to meet in a forest, unprepared for attack or defence. I retired behind an oak tree, just when the furious animal levelled a side blow at me, with such force, that his tusks pierced through the tree, by which means he could neither repeat the blow nor retire. Ho, ho! thought I, I shall soon have you now; and immediately I laid hold of a stone, wherewith I hammered, and bent his tusks in such a manner that he could not retreat by any means, and must wait my return from the next village, whither I went for ropes and a cart to secure him properly, and to carry him off safe and alive, in which I perfectly succeeded.

You have heard, I dare say, of the hunter's and sportsman's saint and protector, St. Hubert, and of the noble stag, which appeared to him in the forest, with the holy cross between his antlers. I have paid my homage to that saint every year in good fellowship, and seen this stag a thousand times, either painted in churches or embroidered in the stars of his knights; so that, upon the honour and conscience of a good sportsman, I hardly know whether there may not have been formerly, or whether there are not such crossed stags even at this present day. But let me rather tell what I have seen myself. Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and

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upon it a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would permit. Thus I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead, between his antlers. It stunned him, he staggered, yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine full-grown cherry-tree, above ten feet high, between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground by one shot, which at once gave me the haunch and cherry sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like I had never tasted before. Who knows but some passionate holy sportsman, or sporting abbot, or bishop, may have shot, planted, and fixed the cross between the antlers of St. Hubert's stag, in a manner similar to this? They always have been, and still are, famous for plantations of crosses and antlers; and in a case of distress or dilemma, which too often happens to keen sportsmen, one is apt to grasp at anything for safety, and to try any expedient, rather than miss the favourable opportunity. I have many times found myself in that trying situation.

What do you say to this, for example? Daylight and powder were spent one day in a Polish forest. When I was going home, a terrible bear made up to me in great speed, with open mouth, ready to fall upon me. All my pockets were searched in an instant for powder and ball, but in vain—I found nothing but two spare flints; one I flung with all my might into the monster's open jaws, down his throat. It gave him

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"I beheld a noble stag with a fine full-grown cherry-tree between his antlers."—*Page* 22.

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pain, and made him turn completely round, so that I could level the second at him also, which, indeed, I did with wonderful

success; for it flew in, met the first flint in the stomach, struck fire, and the bear blew up with a terrible explosion. Though I

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came safe off that time, yet I should not wish to try it again, or venture against bears with no other ammunition.

There is a kind of fatality in it. The fiercest and most dangerous animals generally came upon me when defenceless, as if they had a notion or an instinctive intimation of it. One

time it happened, when I unscrewed the flint of my gun to renew it, a huge bear charged upon me with a roar. I was utterly helpless. I could only run to a tree, so as to prepare for my defence. Unfortunately, in climbing, I let my knife fall, and I had nothing to screw in my flint with but my fingers, which

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"The bear blew up with a terrible explosion."—*Page* 25.

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were not sufficient. The bear took up his position at the foot of the tree, and every moment I expected to be devoured. As I have related on a previous occasion, I had succeeded in setting fire to my priming with the fire from my eyes, but that expedient did not seem very desirable to me; it had occasioned me a soreness of the eyes, from which I had not again entirely recovered. In despair I contemplated my knife stuck right in the snow. At length, I got an idea as happy as singular. You know from experience that the good hunter, like the philosopher, has always something in readiness. As for me, my game-bag is a regular arsenal, which furnishes me with resources in every crisis. I rummaged, and discovered first a ball of cord, afterwards a piece of bent iron, and then a box full of wax. The wax was hardened by the cold, so I placed it in my bosom to soften it. Then I attached to the cord the piece of iron, which I smeared over with plenty of the wax, and let it fall immediately to the ground. The piece of iron, smeared with the wax, fastened itself to the handle of the knife. Accordingly as the wax grew harder, becoming chilled by the air, it acted as a cement. Having managed so, I manœuvred with care to recover the knife. While I was busily engaged re-fitting my flint, Master Martin set about ascending the tree, but I met him with such a discharge as relieved him for ever of any desire of climbing trees.

Upon another occasion I had a somewhat similar adventure. A frightful wolf rushed upon me so suddenly, and so close,

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that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open mouth. For safety's sake I pushed on and on, till my arm was fairly in up to the shoulder. How should I disengage myself? I was not much pleased with my awkward situation—with a wolf face to face, our ogling was not

of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me; that I saw in his flaming eyes. So in a moment I laid hold of his entrails, turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground, where I left him.

The same expedient would not have answered with a mad

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" The fellow was perfectly right about the fur cloak's madness."—*Page* 33.

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dog, which soon after came running against me in a narrow street at St. Petersburg.

Run who can, I thought; and to do this the better, I threw off my fur cloak, and was safe within doors in an instant. I sent my servant for the cloak, and he put it in the wardrobe with my other clothes. The day after I was amazed and frightened by Jack's bawling, "For God's sake, sir, your fur cloak is mad!" I hastened up to him, and found almost all my clothes tossed about and torn to pieces. The fellow was perfectly right in his apprehensions about the fur cloak's madness. I saw him myself just then falling upon a fine full-dress suit, which he shook and tossed in an unmerciful manner.

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CHAPTER III.

THE EFFECTS OF GREAT ACTIVITY AND PRESENCE OF MIND—A FAVOURITE HOUND DESCRIBED, WHICH PUPS WHILE PURSUING A HARE—THE HARE ALSO LITTERS WHILE PURSUED BY THE HOUND—PRESENTED WITH A FAMOUS HORSE BY COUNT PRZOBOSSKY, WITH WHICH THE BARON PERFORMS MANY EXTRAORDINARY FEATS.

ALL these narrow and lucky escapes, gentlemen, were chances turned to advantage by presence of mind and vigorous exertions; which, taken together, as everybody knows, make the fortunate sportsman, sailor, and soldier; but he would be a very blamable and imprudent sportsman, admiral, or general, who should always depend upon chance and his stars, without troubling himself about those arts which are their particular pursuits, and without providing the very best implements, which ensure success. I was not blamable either way; for I have always been as remarkable for the excellency of my horses, dogs, guns, and swords, as for the proper manner of using and

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managing them; so that upon the whole I may hope to be remembered in the forest, upon the turf, and in the field. I shall not enter here into any detail of my stables, kennel, or armoury. I cannot, however, help mentioning to you my two dogs, which were most distinguished in their devotion to me.

One was a setter. He was intelligent, prudent, indefatigable in his services. Day and night he was useful. At night I could attach a lantern to his tail, and in this manner we sported night after night, perhaps even better than in day-time.

Soon after my marriage my wife expressed a desire to join a party in hunting. I went on in advance to try and raise

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some game, and I had not to wait long before I saw my dog find out some hundreds of partridges. I waited for my wife, who was to come after me with my lieutenant and a servant. I waited a long while, but no one came. Finally, rather disturbed, I retraced my path; when, lo! half way along my road, I heard the most wretched groaning. It seemed to be close by; and, meanwhile, I could not discover any signs of a living creature. I dismounted, and placed my ear to the ground, and I soon found that the groans came from beneath the earth. I recognised the voices of my wife, my lieutenant, and the servant. I remembered, on the moment, that they were not far off from the spot where I had opened a shaft for a coal mine; and I had no doubt, alas! that my wife and her companions had been swallowed up in it. From the nearest village I obtained the assistance of the miners, who, with the most stupendous exertions, succeeded in rescuing the unfortunates from the pit, which was not less than ninety feet in depth. They brought up to the bank the servant and his horse, then the lieutenant and his horse; finally, my wife and her little Barbary horse. The most extraordinary part of the affair is, that notwithstanding this frightful accident, no one—either horse or

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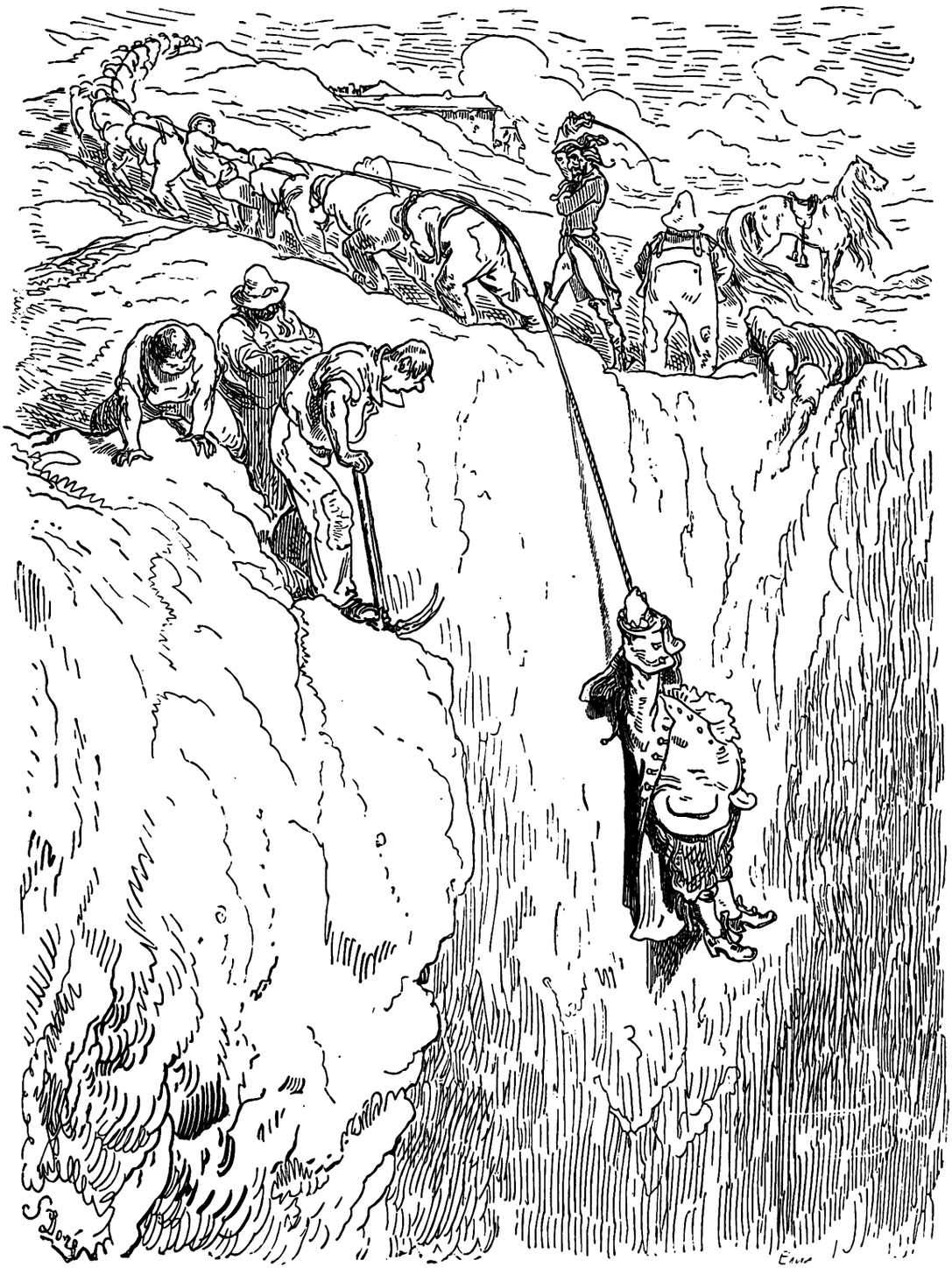

"They brought up to the bank the servant."—*Page* 36.

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person—was wounded, with the exception of some insignificant bruises; but they were awfully frightened.

On the following morning I had to leave about a matter of business, and I was detained by it for some days. Immediately on my return, I inquired for my dog Diana, whom I

had quite forgotten on the day when we were excited with our adventure. No information could be obtained from my servants, who were in despair of ever seeing her again. A brilliant idea, however, struck me; she is still remaining in guard over the partridge.

I started off at once, full of hope and joy, and, arrived there,

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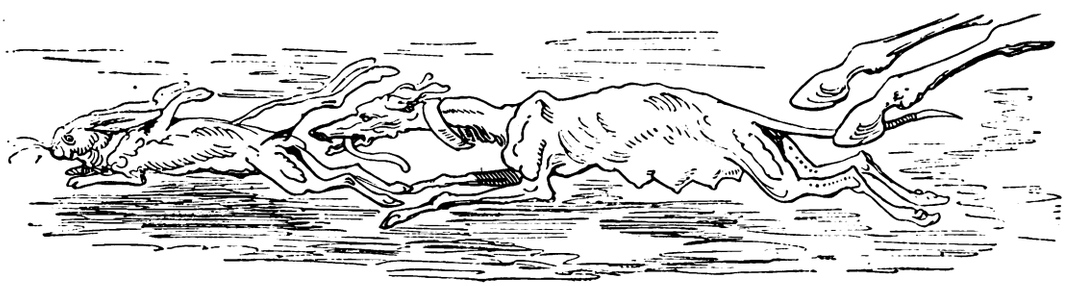
what did I see? My bitch, motionless, in the selfsame place where I had left her fifteen days before. "Down!" I cried. She dropped her point at once, and put up the partridges, of which I killed twenty-five at a single shot. But the poor creature was so lean and famished, that she had scarce strength enough to come up to me. Indeed, I should never have got her home, had I not taken her up before me on my horse; you can imagine, however, the delight with which I resigned myself to



this inconvenience. A few days of rest and care made her as fresh and lively as ever; but some weeks elapsed before I found myself in a position to solve an enigma that, without her aid, would, doubtless, have remained for ever incomprehensible to me.

For two days I had been mad after hunting a certain hare. My bitch was for ever bringing it back to me, but I never could succeed in shooting it. I have seen too many wonderful things to be a believer in witchcraft; but I confess that I felt at my wits' end with that abominable hare. At last I got so close to it, that I could touch it with the muzzle of my gun;

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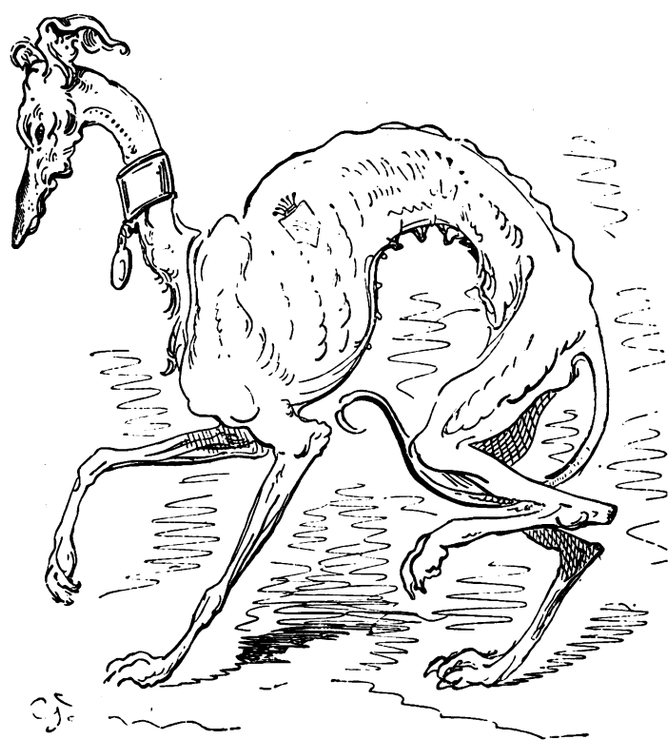
it turned head over heels, and what do you think I found? My hare had four feet on the belly, and four others on the back. When the under pair was tired, it turned over, like an agile swimmer who strokes and floats alternately, and started off with renewed vigour on its four fresh feet.



I have never since seen any similar hare, and, assuredly, I should never have taken that one with any other dog than Diana. She was so marvellously superior to all others of her kind, that I should assert, without fear of being accused of exaggeration, that she was peerless, had not a greyhound disputed with her the honour of the first place. This greyhound was not so remarkable for her looks as for her incredible swift-

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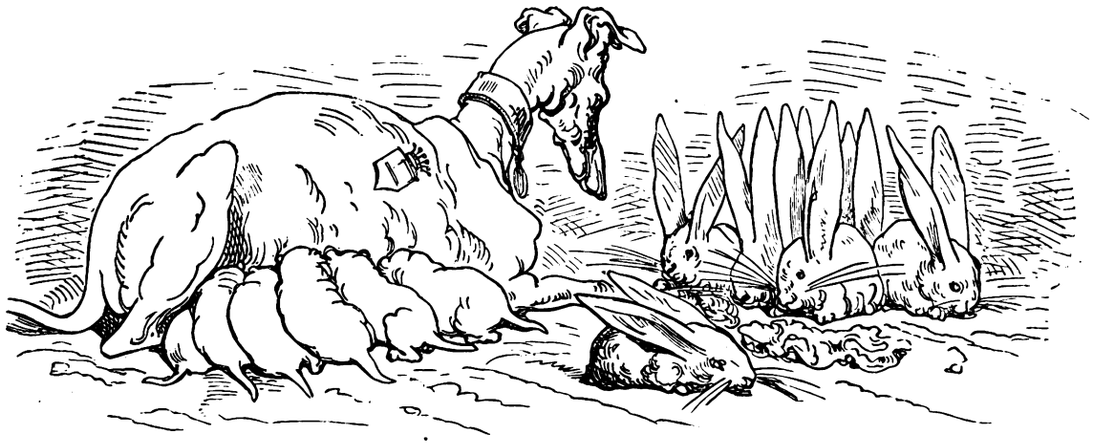
ness of foot. Had you, gentlemen, seen her, you would, I am sure, have admired her, and not been at all astonished at me for being so fond of her, and taking so much pleasure in hunting with her. This greyhound ran so fast and so long in my service, that she wore her feet down above her ankles, so that in her old age I was able to turn her to good use as a terrier.

Coursing one day a hare, which appeared to me uncommonly



big, I pitied my poor bitch, being big with pups, yet she would course as fast as ever. I could follow her on horseback only at a great distance. At once I heard a cry as it were a pack of hounds, but so weak and faint that I hardly knew what to make of it. Coming up to them I saw the most wonderful sight conceivable! The hare had littered in running; the same had happened to my bitch in coursing—and there were just as many leverets as pups. By instinct the former ran, the

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"And at last made him mount the tea-table."—*Page* 45.

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latter coursed: and thus I found myself in possession at once of six hares, and as many dogs, at the end of a course which had only began with one.

I remember this, my wonderful bitch, with the same pleasure and tenderness as I do a superb Lithuanian horse, which no money could have bought. He became mine by an accident, which gave me an opportunity of showing my horsemanship to a great advantage. I was at Count Przobossky's noble country seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen went down in the yard, to see a young horse of blood, which had just arrived from the stud. We suddenly heard a noise of distress; I hastened down-stairs, and found the horse so unruly, that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horsemen stood dismayed and aghast; despondency was expressed in every countenance, when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to show this to the ladies, and save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea-room, walk round several times, pace, trot, and gallop; and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons in a pretty style of miniature, which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that, with his

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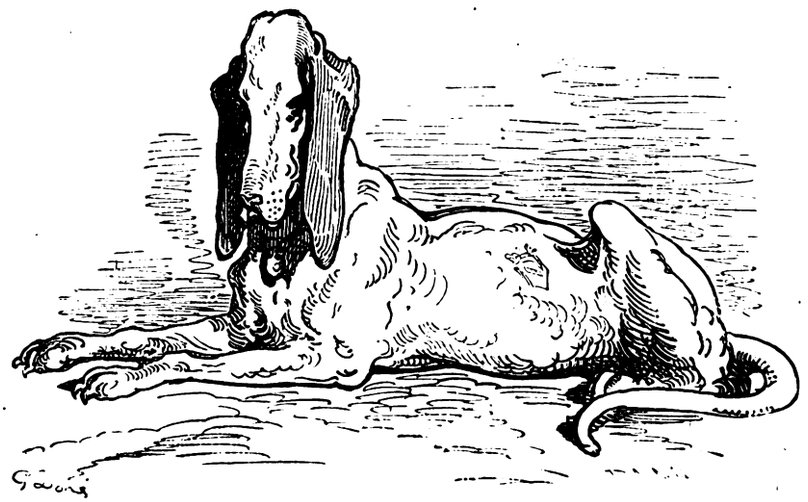
usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honour, in the campaign against the Turks, which was soon to be opened, under the command of Count Munich.



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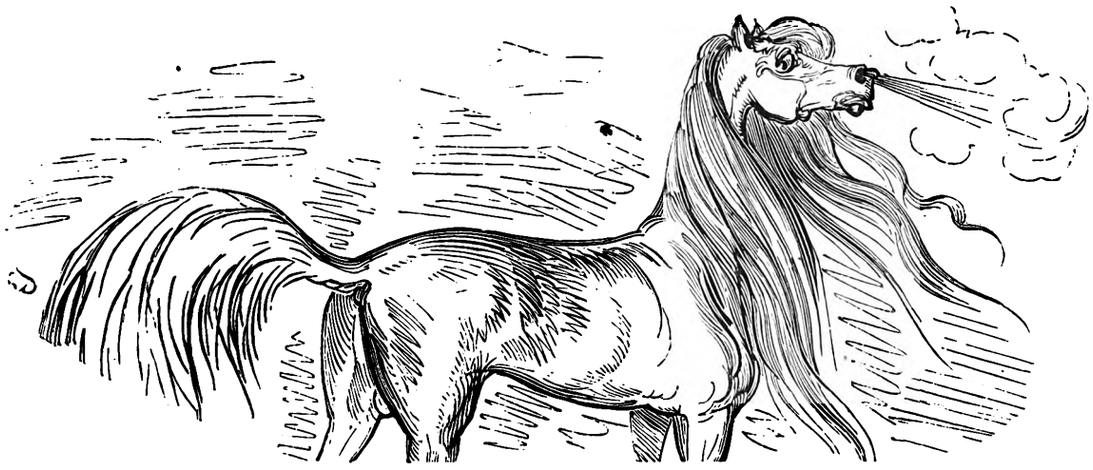

CHAPTER IV.

THE BARON SERVES WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY—HIS GALLANT CONDUCT WHEN COMMANDING AN OUTPOST—PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY—HE WATERS HIS HORSE—LOOKS FOR HIS COMPANIONS AND MISSES HIS HORSE'S TAIL—SEEKS AN ENTRANCE INTO THE BESIEGED TOWN—GALLANT CONDUCT OF HIS STEED ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I COULD not indeed have received a more agreeable present, or one more useful, at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier. A horse so gentle, so spirited, and so fierce—at once a lamb and a Bucephalus—put me always in mind of the soldier's and gentleman's duty; of young Alexander, and the astonishing things he performed in the field.

The chief reason for our taking the field was to retrieve the character of the Russian arms, which had been blemished a little by the Czar Peter's last campaign on the Pruth; and this we fully accomplished by several very fatiguing and glorious campaigns under the command of that great general I mentioned before.

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Modesty forbids individuals to arrogate to themselves great successes or victories, the glory of which is generally engrossed by the commander, however great a dolt he may be, nay, even by kings and queens, who have never smelt gunpowder except at a review of their troops; never seen a field of battle, or an enemy in battle array.

Therefore I do not claim any particular share of glory in our many engagements with the enemy. We all did our duty, which, in the patriot's, soldier's, and gentleman's language, is a very comprehensive word, of great honour, meaning, and import, and of which the generality of idle quidnuncs and coffee-house politicians can hardly form any but a very mean and contemptible idea. However, having had the command of a body of hussars, I went upon several expeditions, with discretionary powers; and the success I then met with is, I think, fairly and only to be placed to my account, and to that of the brave fellows whom I led on to conquest and to victory. We had very hot work once in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian had almost brought me into a scrape. I had an advanced fore-post, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual numbers and real intentions. To wrap myself up in a similar cloud would have been an ordinary stratagem, and would not have much advanced my knowledge, or answered the end for which I had been sent out; therefore I spread out my musketeers on both wings, and bade them make

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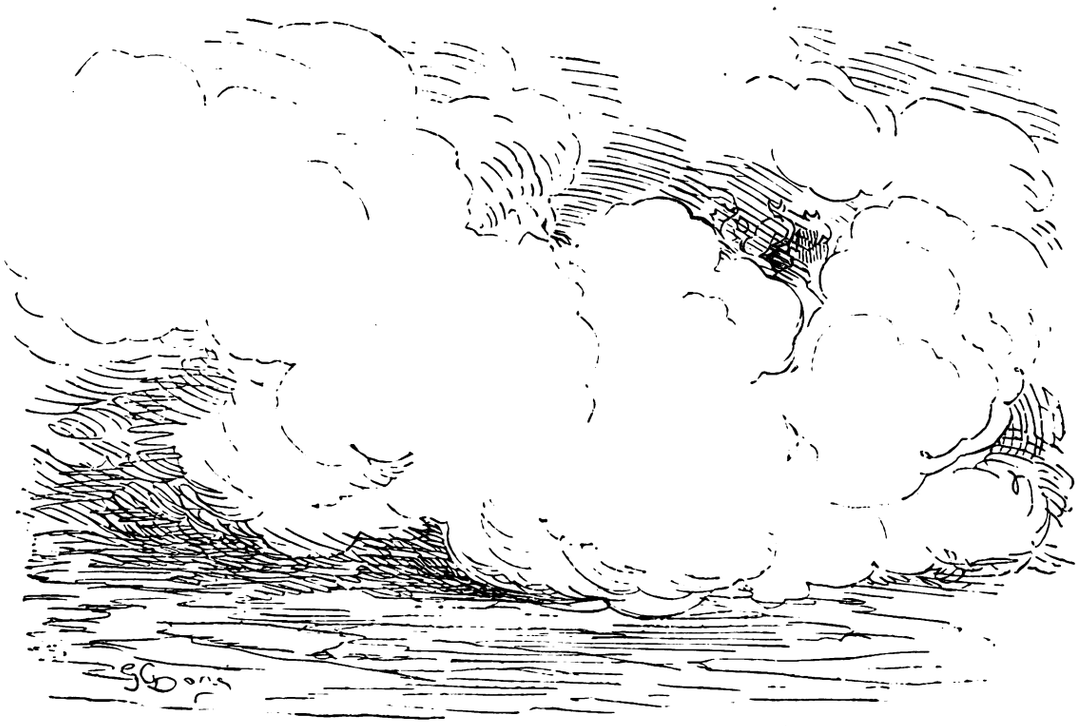
what dust they could, while I myself led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them: in this I was gratified, for they stood and fought, till the time when my musketeers struck a panic into their ranks. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit; we broke them entirely, made a terrible



havoc amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our most sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my Lithuanian enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place, and order the men to rendezvous. I stopped,

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gentlemen; but judge of my astonishment, when in this market-place I saw not one of my hussars about me! Are they scouring the other streets? or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must, at all events, soon join me. In that expectation I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in this market-place, and let him drink. He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough; for when I looked round for my men, what do you think I saw? All the hind-quarters of my horse were gone—cut clean off! The water ran out behind as fast as it ran in before, without the animal keeping a drop of it!

How had this come to pass? I could not account for it at all, till at last one of my hussars came up, and while congratulating me on my safety—in language chiefly remarkable for its strength—gave me the following narrative. When I flung myself recklessly into the midst of the fugitives, they suddenly let fall the portcullis of the gate, which cut the hind-quarters of my horse clean off. The second portion of the body had at first remained in the midst of the enemy, where it caused terrible carnage: then, being unable to enter the town, it had gone off to a neighbouring meadow, where he told me I should, doubtless, find it. I turned bridle without delay, and my horse's fore-quarters carried me, at a gallop, towards the meadow. To my great delight I there found the other half performing a series of the most ingenious curvets, and gaily disporting himself with the other horses that were grazing there.

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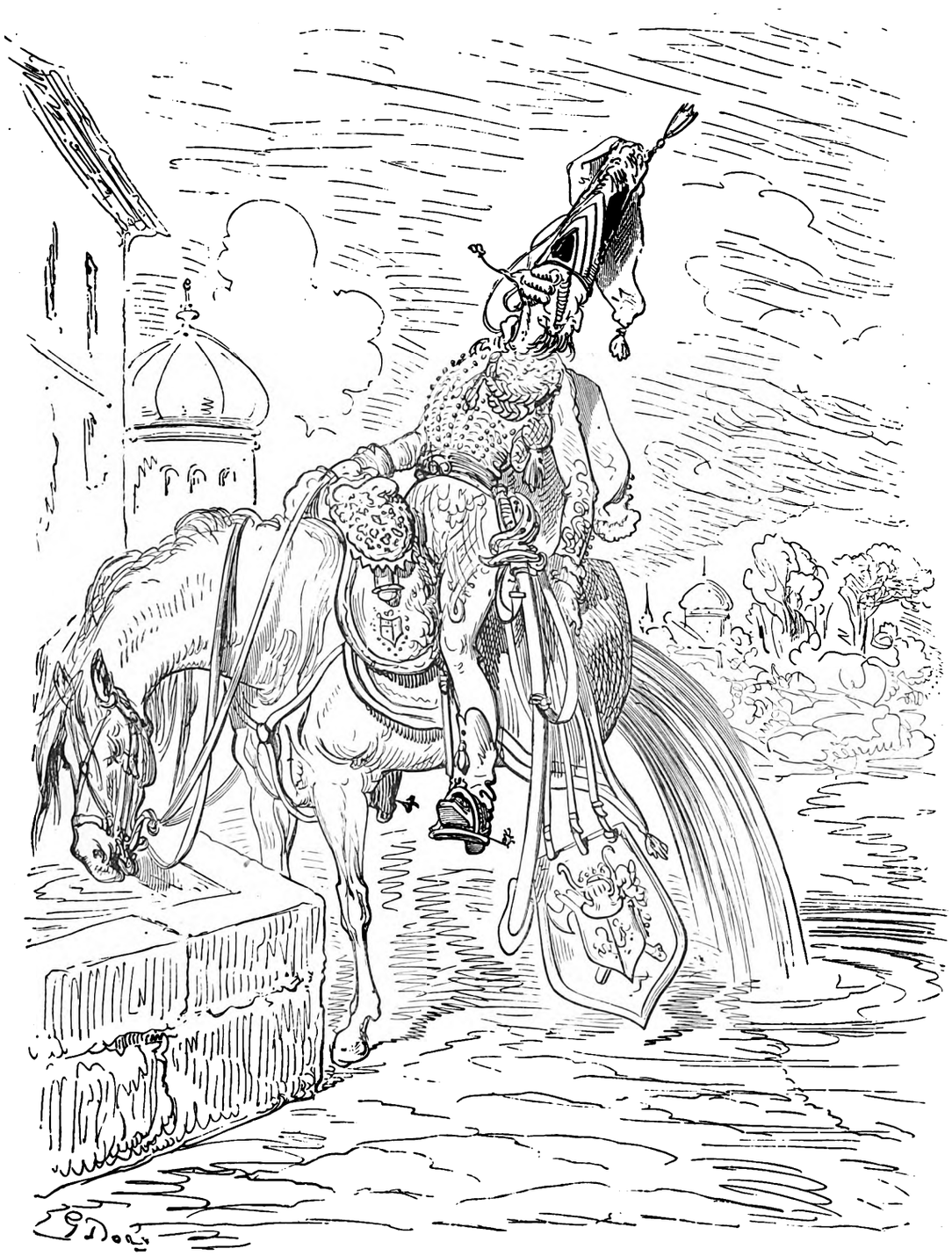

"He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied."—*Page* 50.

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Feeling certain, therefore, that the two portions of my horse were alive, I sent for our farrier. Without the loss of a moment he sewed them up with sprigs and young shoots of laurels that were at hand; the wound healed; and what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took root in his body,

grew up, and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in shade of my own and my horse's laurels.

I must just tell you of a trifling inconvenience that befell me in consequence of this brilliant action. I had sabred the enemy so long, so vigorously, and so mercilessly, that my arm refused

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to give up the movement, even after the Turks had long disappeared. I was so afraid of wounding myself, and above all of wounding my men when they came near me, that I was forced to carry my arm in a sling for a week, just as though I had been wounded.

When a man rides such a horse as my Lithuanian, you can easily conceive, gentlemen, that he would be capable of performing another achievement, which appears, at first sight, to border on the fabulous. We were besieging a town, whose name I have forgotten, and it was of great importance that our general should know what was going on in the place. It seemed impossible to effect an entrance; for one would have to get

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past the outposts, the mainguard, and the outworks; there was not a man who would venture on such an enterprise. A little too vain of my valour, perhaps, and carried away by my zeal, I went and stood close to one of our great guns. When it was fired, I jumped on to the ball with the design of penetrating

by this means into the town; but, when I had got half-way, I began to reflect.

"Hum," thought I, "going may be all very well; but how am I to get back? What will happen to you when you have got into the place? You will be treated as a spy, and be hung on the first tree. That will not be an end worthy of Munchausen!"

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Having made this reflection, which was succeeded by many others of the same nature, I perceived a ball, fired from the fortress against our camp, passing at a short distance from me; I jumped on to it, and came back into the midst of my friends, without having accomplished my purpose, it is true, but, at least, safe and sound.

However quick and active I might be at vaulting, my brave steed was not less so. No hedges, or ditches, or anything else could stop him: he went always straight ahead. One day a hare that I was chasing darted across the high road: at the same moment, a carriage with two beautiful ladies in it came by, and separated me from my quarry. My horse passed so rapidly and so lightly through the carriage, of which the windows happened to be down, that I had scarcely time to take off my hat, and beg the ladies to excuse my most unwarrantable intrusion.

On another occasion I wished to jump across a lake. When I was in the middle of it, I found it was much larger than I had imagined at first. So I at once turned back in the middle of my leap, and returned to the bank I had just left, to take a stronger spring. The second time, however, I again took off badly, and fell in up to my neck. I should, beyond any doubt, have come to an untimely end, had I not, by the force of my own unaided arm, lifted myself up by my pig-tail, together with my horse, whom I gripped tightly with my knees.

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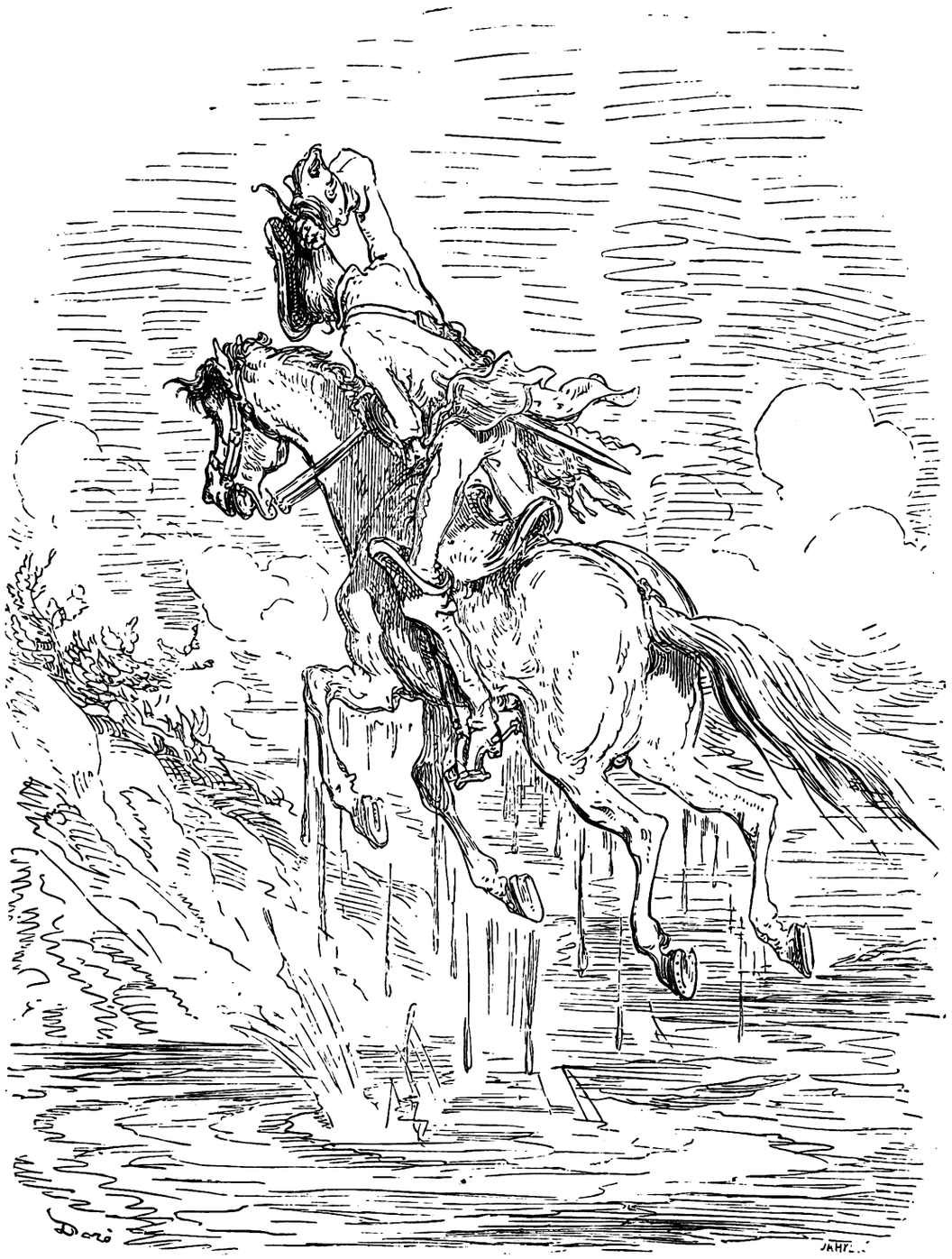

"I lifted myself up by my pig-tail."—*Page* 56.

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CHAPTER V.

THE BARON CAPTURED AND MADE A PRISONER OF WAR, AND SOLD FOR A SLAVE—KEEPS THE SULTAN'S BEES, WHICH ARE ATTACKED BY TWO BEARS—LOSS OF ONE OF HIS BEES—A SILVER HATCHET, IN AN ATTACK WITH THE BEARS, REBOUNDS AND FLIES UP TO THE MOON; BROUGHT BACK BY AN INGENIOUS INVENTION—FALLS TO THE EARTH ON HIS RETURN, AND HELPS HIMSELF OUT OF A PIT—EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM A CARRIAGE WHICH MEETS HIS IN A NARROW LANE IN A MANNER NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED OR SINCE PRACTISED—THE GREAT AND WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE FROST UPON HIS SERVANT'S FRENCH HORN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all my courage, notwithstanding the speed, the cleverness, the readiness of my horse, I was not always successful. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation, my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the

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robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but, by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected

that Turkey beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely

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arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now returning: but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent: so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand: and, with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower. This repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farms. I was four or five miles from the earth, at least, when it broke. I fell to the ground with such amazing violence, that I found myself stunned, and in a hole about nine fathoms deep, made by the

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weight of my body falling from so great a height. I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, necessity is a good counsellor. I dug a sort of flight of stairs with my

finger nails [the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth], and easily accomplished it.

Taught by this experience, I invented a better plan for getting rid of the bears who wanted to get at my bees and

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"I drove a big peg into the hole placed at the pole's end."—*Page* 67.

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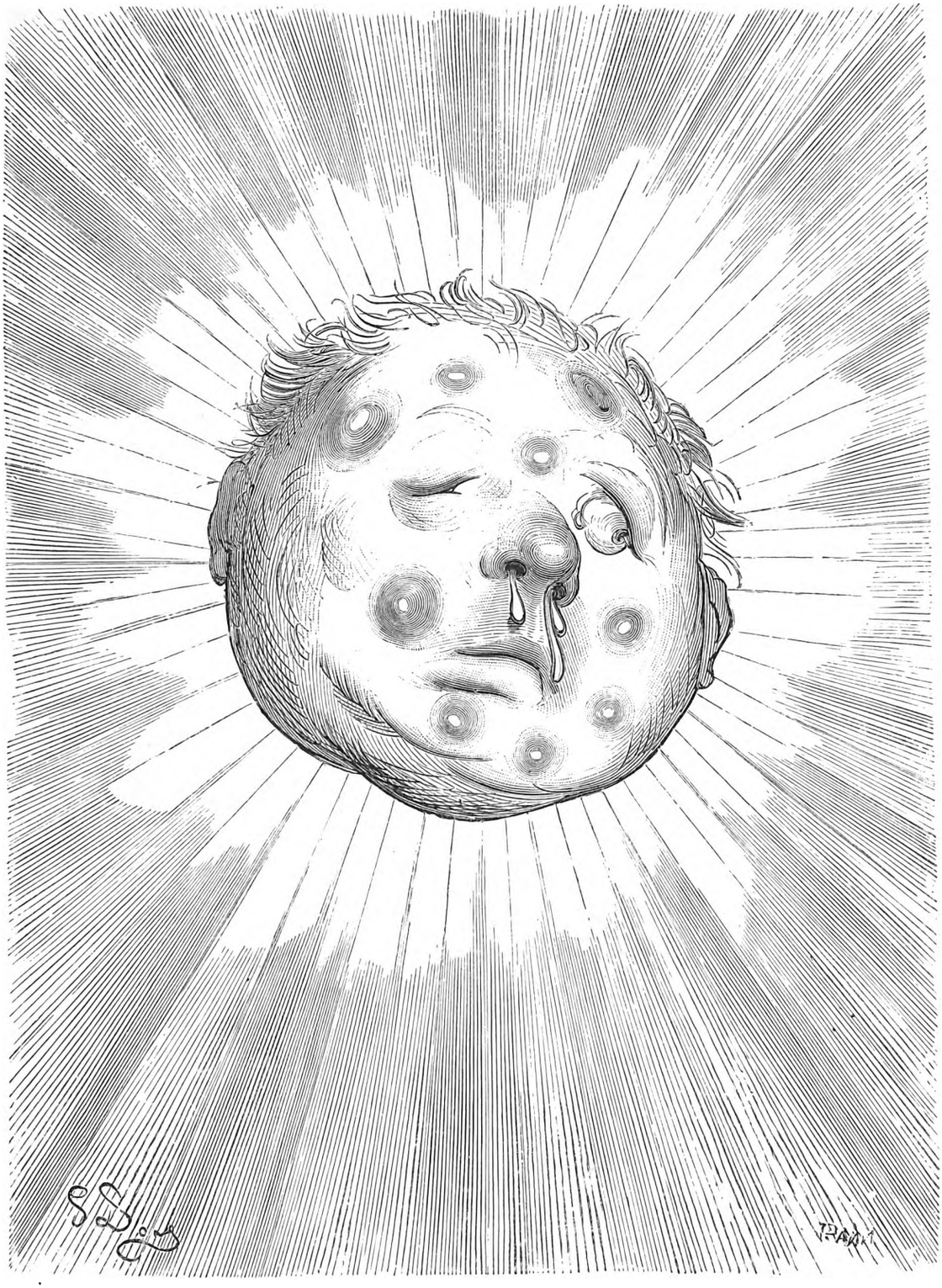

"The sun himself got chilblains."—*Page* 67.

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hives. I took and daubed the pole of a cart with honey—which done, I hid myself hard by, to see what would happen. A bear of gigantic size, attracted by the smell of the honey, came and set to work to lick the end of the pole so greedily, that he ended by letting it slide whole into his throat, and so into his stomach. When he was well spitted, I ran up and drove a big peg into the hole placed at the pole's end; and so, cutting off the epicure's retreat, I left him where he was till next morning. I thought the Sultan, who chanced to walk that way, would have died of laughing when he saw the trick I had played the bear.

Peace was soon after concluded between the Turks and the Russians, and I was sent back to St. Petersburg, with several other prisoners of war. Soon after I took my leave of Russia, at the time of that singular revolution, when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field Marshal Munich, and many others, were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that the sun himself got chilblains, the effect of which may still be seen on his face. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I travelled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might, but his endeavours were in vain: he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable, and rather unfor-

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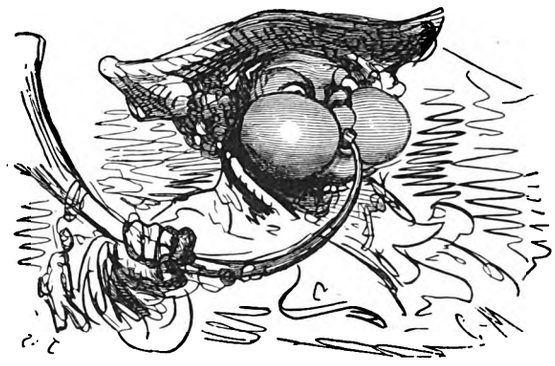
tunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way. There was no proceeding :



however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head : I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage : I then went back for the horses, and placing one under either arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old : in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting ; however, I confined his hind-legs by putting them into my coat pocket.

After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves : he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire ; I sat on the other side.

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"Placing one under either arm."—*Page* 68.

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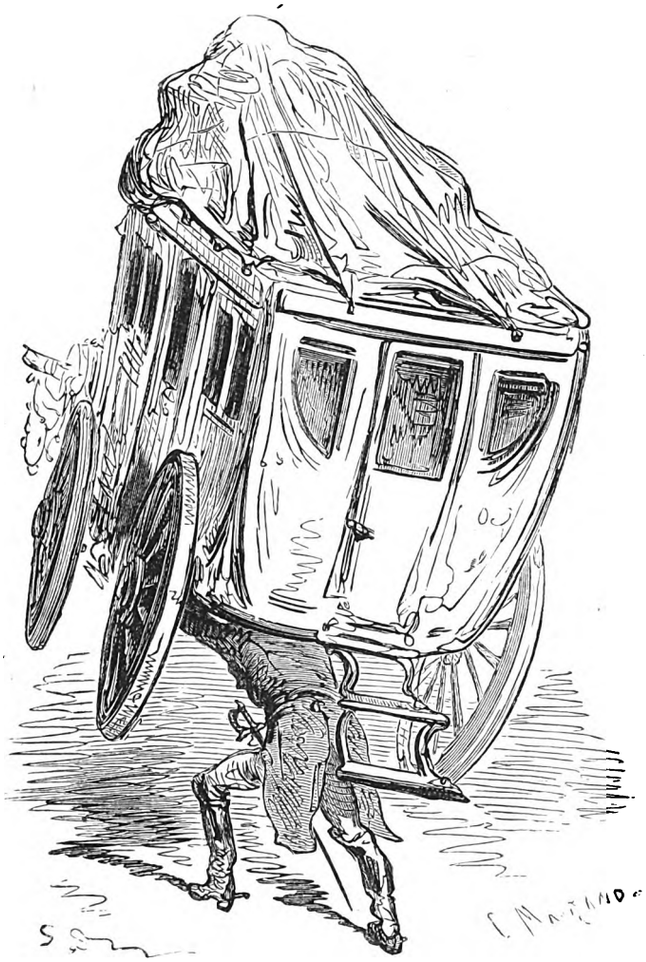
Suddenly we heard a Tereng! tereng! teng! teng! We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn: his tunes were frozen up in the horn,



and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn—"The King of Prussia's March;" "Over the Hill and

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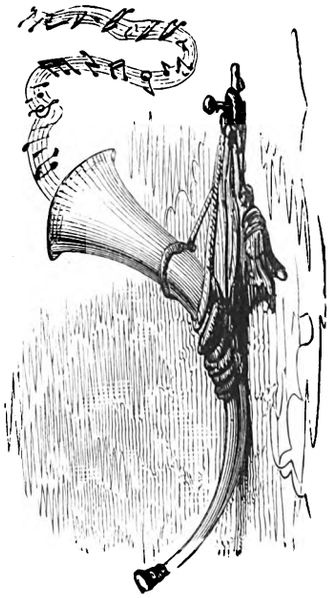
over the Dale," with many other favourite tunes. At length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

Most travellers, when they narrate their adventures, are in the habit of saying that they have seen a great deal more than they really have. Hence, it is not to be wondered at that readers and listeners should be at times disposed to incredulity. But if, in the company that I have the honour of addressing, any one should be tempted to doubt the truth of the statements I make, I should be deeply pained by this want of confidence; and I should intimate to him that the best thing he could do would be to take his leave before I begin to relate my adventures by sea, for they are far more wonderful, though not less authentic.



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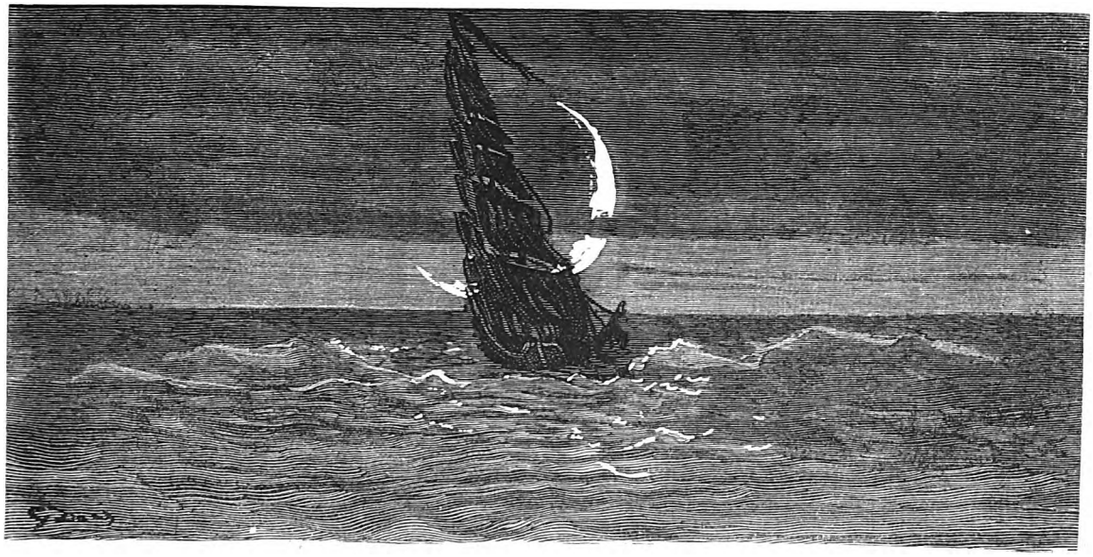

CHAPTER VI.

THE BARON'S VOYAGE TO CEYLON—MOST EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES, WHICH ARE WELL WORTH THE READER'S NOTICE—FRIGHTFUL STORM—STRANGE VOYAGE THROUGH THE AIR, AND DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED MONARCH—ARRIVAL AT CEYLON—ADVENTURES WITH A LION AND A CROCODILE.

THE first time I ever went abroad, a short while before that journey to Russia of which I have related to you the most remarkable episodes, I went on a sea voyage.

It was at that age when, as my uncle the major used frequently to say, I looked as if I had been robbing the geese, and when no one could rightly say whether the white down wherewith my chin was strewn would turn into bristles or beard, that sea voyages became the dream of my life—the one object for which my heart yearned.

My father had passed the greater part of his youth in

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travelling, and he used to wile away the long winter evenings by giving us a true and particular account of his adventures. So nature may be made responsible for my taste no less than my father's example. In a word, I used to seize every oppor-

tunity that I thought likely to afford me the means of satisfying my insatiable wish to see the world; but all my efforts were in vain.

Did I chance to make a slight breach in the fortress of my father's determination, my mother and my aunt only resisted

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more obstinately than ever, and on some occasions I found I had lost the advantages I had had so much difficulty in gaining. At last it pleased fortune that one of my relatives, by the mother's side, came to pay us a visit. I soon became his favourite; he often told me I was a pretty, merry boy, and that he was willing to do all he could to help me in the accomplishment of my wish. His eloquence was more persuasive than mine; and, after an exchange of statements and answers, of objections and refutations, it was decided, to my extreme joy, that I was to accompany him to Ceylon, of which island his uncle had been governor for some years.

We set sail from Amsterdam, charged with an important mission from the States of Holland. Our voyage was not distinguished by any remarkable circumstance, except a dreadful storm, to which I am obliged to devote a few sentences, on account of the singular consequences that resulted from it. It burst upon us just when we had cast anchor off an island, to get wood and water. It raged with such fury that it tore from their roots a number of enormous trees, and raised them into the air. Though some of them weighed several hundred tons, yet the prodigious elevation to which they were hauled caused them to appear no bigger than the little feathers one sees at times floating in the air.

However, as soon as the storm abated, each tree fell back exactly into its own place, and at once took root again, so that there remained not the slightest trace of the ruin caused by the

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elements; the largest tree of them all was the one exception. At the moment when it was torn out of the ground by the violence of the wind, a man and his wife were busy among its branches, gathering cucumbers; for in that part of the world this excellent fruit grows upon trees. The worthy pair performed their journey through the air with exemplary patience; but their weight caused the tree to alter its direction, and fall flat upon

the ground. Now, you must know that the most gracious sultan of the island had abandoned his dwelling, as most of the inhabitants had done, for fear of being overwhelmed in the ruins of his palace. When the hurricane was abating, he was coming home through his garden. At that very instant of time, down fell the tree, and, as good luck would have it, killed him then and there.

"As good luck would have it," do you say? Yes; I do say, "as good luck would have it;" for, gentlemen, the sultan was,

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"A man and his wife were busy among its branches, gathering cucumbers."—*Page* 76.

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saving your presence, an odious despot, and all the islanders, even his own favourites, were the most wretched creatures under heaven. Vast piles of provisions lay rotting in his barns and storehouses, whilst his people, from whom he had extorted them, were literally dying of hunger.

His island had nothing to fear from foreigners; notwithstanding, he laid his hands on all the young people, in order to make heroes of them as per regulation, and from time to time he sold his collection to the neighbour that made him the highest bid for it, that he might be able to add fresh millions of shells to the millions his father had left him. We were told that he had learnt this unheard-of proceeding during a journey he had made to the North. Patriots as we were, we made no effort to refute the assertion, though, to be sure,

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with those islanders, a journey to the North may just as well mean a journey to the Canaries as to Greenland; but we had many reasons for not insisting upon the point.

In grateful recognition of the august services that these cucumber-gatherers had rendered to their country, they were placed on the throne left vacant by the sultan's death. True,

these worthy people had, during their aërial journey, seen the sun so close, that the dazzling brilliancy of that luminary had been tolerably successful in putting out their eyesight, and their wits as well, to some extent; but they only reigned the better for that, so that no one ever ate cucumbers without saying, "Heaven preserve our sultan!"

Having re-fitted our vessel, which had suffered a good deal in the gale, and taken leave of the new sovereigns, we set

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sail with a favourable wind, and at the end of six weeks arrived at Ceylon.

When we had been there about a fortnight, the governor's eldest son asked me to go hunting with him—an offer which I accepted with all my heart. My friend was tall and strong, and used to the heat of the climate; whilst I, without any great

exertion, was so overcome, that when we reached the forest, I was behind him.

I was thinking about sitting down to rest on the banks of a stream that I had been for some time attentively considering, when all of a sudden I heard a loud noise behind me. I looked round, and you may imagine I felt as though rooted to the spot with terror, when I saw a huge lion coming towards me, and giving me to understand that he was extremely anxious to break-

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fast on my poor body, without asking my leave. My gun was loaded with small shot. I had neither time nor presence of mind for long reflection. I resolved to fire at him, in the hopes of frightening him at least, if I did not wound him. But while I was taking aim, the beast, guessing my intentions no doubt, became furious, and sprang at me. I had no time to think; but by a sort of instinct, I turned and fled. I still shudder when I recall what I beheld: there, a few steps in front of me, lay a monstrous crocodile, already opening his jaws in a threatening manner, to swallow me.

Picture to yourselves, gentlemen, the horror of my situation: behind me was the lion, before me was the crocodile; on the left a rapid stream, on the right a precipice, infested, as I afterwards learned, by poisonous snakes.

Dizzy, stupefied—Hercules himself would have been no less so under similar circumstances—I fell to the ground. I expected every moment to feel the pressure of the infuriated lion's teeth, or

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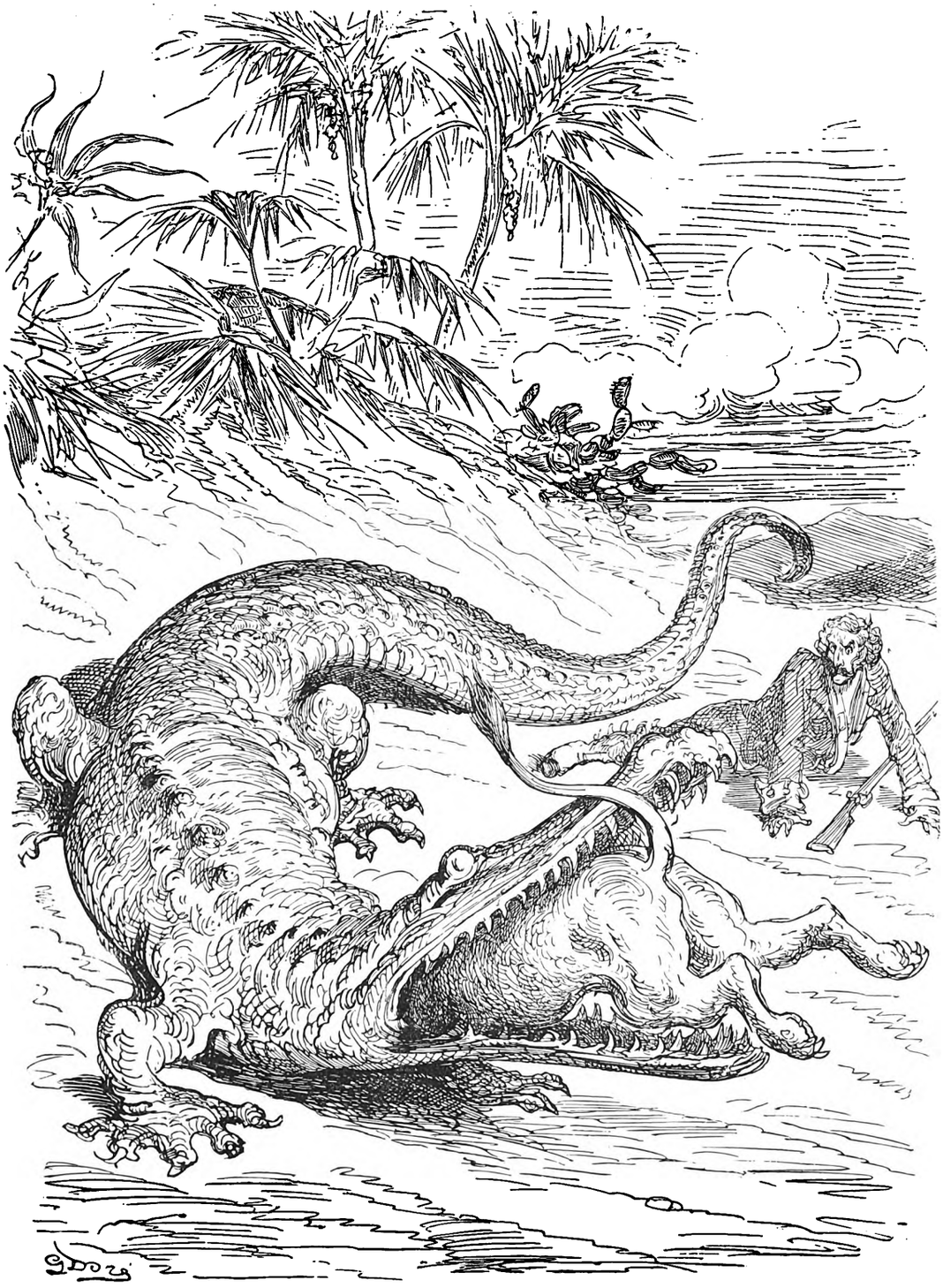

"His head had got as far as the other beast's throat."—*Page* 85.

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the squeeze of the crocodile's jaws. But after a few seconds had elapsed, I heard a loud and unusual report, without feeling any pain. I raised my head gently, and saw, to my infinite delight, that the lion, carried away by the force with which he had sprung at me, had fallen into the crocodile's jaws. His head had got as far as the other beast's throat, and he was making useless efforts to free himself. I at once jumped up, drew my cutlass, and with a single blow cut off his head, while his body rolled at my feet: then, with the butt-end of my musket, I forced his head as far as I could down the throat of the crocodile, who was choked miserably in a moment.

A few minutes after I had gained this brilliant victory over those two formidable enemies, my comrade arrived, uneasy at my absence. He congratulated me warmly, and we measured the crocodile. He was forty feet seven inches in length.

As soon as we had related this wonderful adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and men to fetch the two animals. I had a number of tobacco-pouches made out of the lion's skin, by a local furrier. A part of them I distributed to my acquaintances in Ceylon; the remainder I offered, with my humblest respects, to the burgomasters of Amsterdam. They positively wished to make me a present of a thousand ducats in return—a compliment which I had the greatest difficulty in the world in declining.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and is, at the present day, the most splendid ornament of the museum of Amsterdam, the keeper of which tells my story to all

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strangers. I ought, however, to say that he adds to it several details of his own invention, which do grievous harm to the truth and authenticity of the narrative. For instance, he says

that the lion traversed the entire length of the body of the crocodile, and that, as he was going out at the end opposite to that he came in at, "the most illustrious Baron"—such is the title

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he gives me—cut off his head, and, in so doing, cut off also three feet of the crocodile's tail. "The crocodile," the humorous dog goes on to say, "felt so deeply humiliated at this mutilation, that he turned round, snatched the cutlass out of the Baron's hand, and swallowed it with such violence, that it went right through his heart, so that he died in a moment."

I need not say, gentlemen, how pained I am at the impudence of this scoundrel. We live in such a sceptical age that those who do not know me might, in consequence of these vulgar falsehoods, be brought to question the truth of my real adventures—a thing that wounds a man of honour to the quick.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE BARON SAILS FOR NORTH AMERICA, HAVING PREVIOUSLY SEEN A ROYAL COACHMAN IN LONDON—ALARMING ACCIDENT TO THE SHIP—THE BILL OF A SEA-GULL SAVES THE LIFE OF A BOY—THE BARON SERIOUSLY INJURED, SOON RECOVERS—SAVAGE ATTACK BY A WHALE ON THE VESSEL—A LEAK IN THE SHIP FORTUNATELY STOPPED BY THE BARON'S "PRESENCE OF BODY."

IN the year 1776, I embarked at Portsmouth in a first-rate English man-of-war, of 100 guns, and 1,400 men, for North America. I might in this place relate to you various adventures that befell me in England, but I reserve them for another occasion. There is one, however, I cannot omit. I had once the pleasure of seeing the king go with great pomp to the house of parliament, in his state coach. The box was filled

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"The box was filled by a huge coachman."—*Page* 91.

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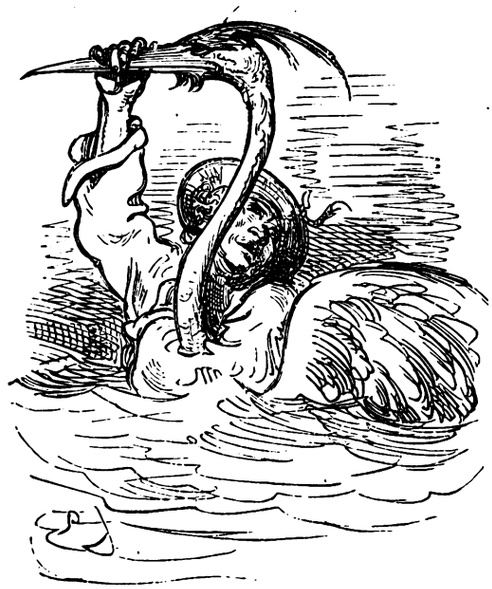
by a huge coachman, in whose beard the arms of England were very artistically cut, while with his whip he most ingeniously described in the air the following device.

Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within 300 leagues of the river St. Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing force against (as we supposed) a rock; however, upon



heaving the lead, we could find no bottom, even with 300 fathoms. What made this circumstance the more wonderful, and, indeed, beyond all comprehension, was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board; a poor fellow, who was aloft, furling the main-sheet, was flung at least three leagues from the ship; but he fortunately saved his life, by laying hold of

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the bill of a large sea-gull, who brought him back, and lodged him on the very spot from whence he was thrown. Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which

the people between decks were driven against floors above them; my head, particularly, was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it recovered its natural situation. Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained, by the appearance of a large whale, who had been basking asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water. This animal was so much displeased with the disturbance which our ship had given him—for in our passage we had with our rudder scratched his nose—that he beat in all the gallery and part of the quarter-deck with his tail, and almost the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is from the head, between

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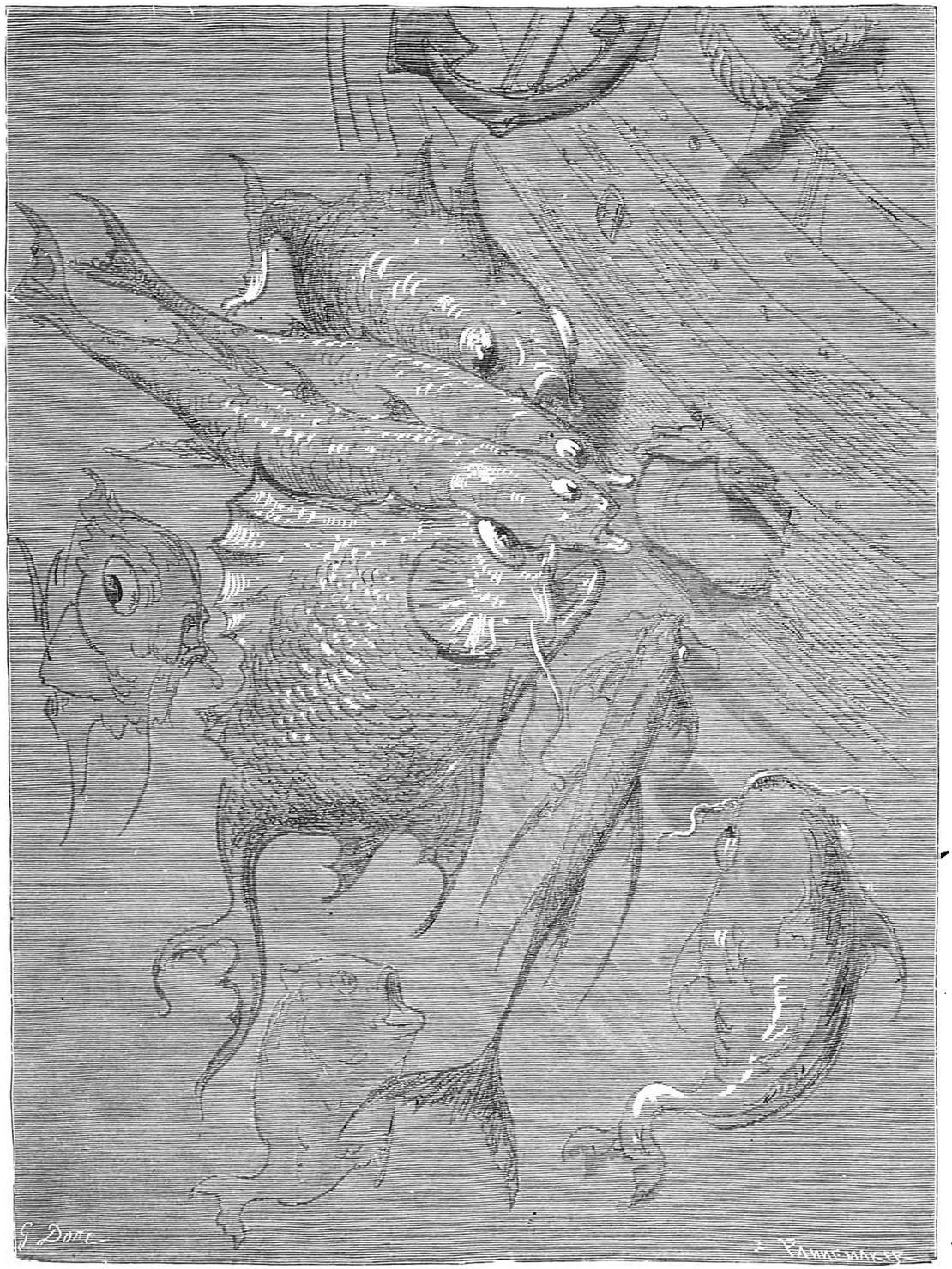

"My situation was rather damp, for the water penetrated my not very stout clothing"—*Page* 95.

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his teeth, and ran away, with the ship, at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, upon our return to Europe, some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water; it measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and above forty fathoms of the cable concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage. One part of our distress, however, I had like to have forgot: while the whale was running away with the ship she sprung a-leak, and the water poured in so fast that all our pumps could not have kept us from sinking in half an hour's time. It was, however, my good fortune to discover it first. I found it to be a large hole about a foot in diameter. You will naturally suppose this circumstance gives me infinite pleasure, when I inform you that this noble vessel was preserved, with all its crew, by a most fortunate thought; in short, I thrust myself into it, and completely filled it with my body, without taking off my clothes; nor will you be surprised when I inform you I am descended from Dutch parents. My situation, while I sat there, was rather damp, for the water penetrated my not very stout clothing; but the carpenter's art soon relieved me.

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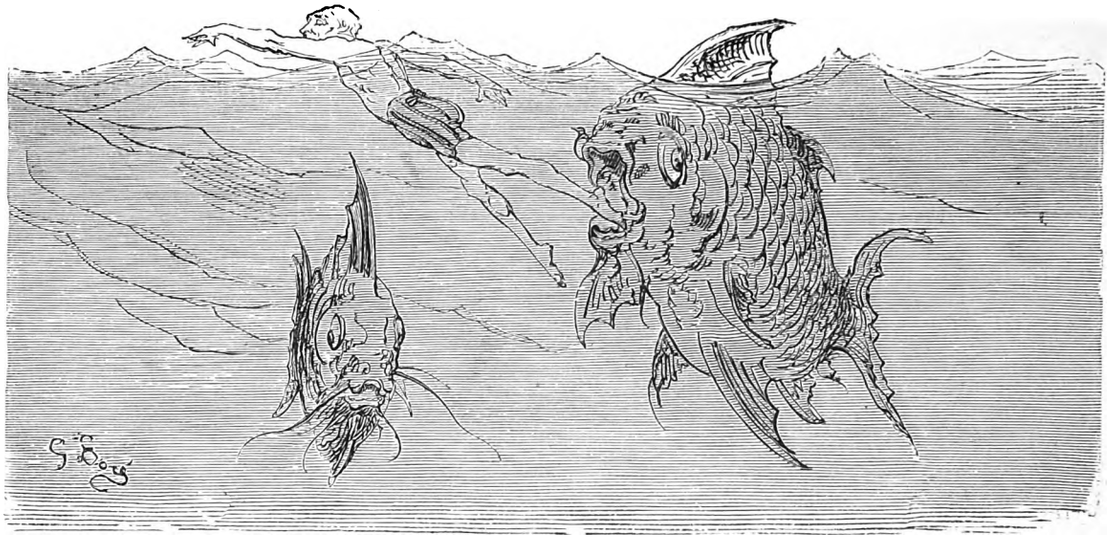

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ACCOUNT OF A BEAUTIFUL BATHE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—MEETS AN UNEXPECTED COMPANION, WHICH TURNS OUT NOT TO BE A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER—ARRIVES IN THE REGIONS OF HEAT AND DARKNESS, FROM WHICH HE IS EXTRICATED BY DANCING A HORNPIPE—ALARMS HIS DELIVERERS, AND RETURNS ON SHORE.

I WAS once in great danger of being lost in a most singular manner in the Mediterranean. I was bathing in that pleasant sea near Marseilles, one summer's afternoon, when I discovered a very large fish, with his jaws quite extended, approaching me with the greatest velocity; there was no time to be lost, nor could I possibly avoid him. I immediately reduced myself to as small a size as possible, by closing my feet and placing my hands also near my sides, in which position I passed directly between his jaws, and into his stomach, where I remained some time in total darkness, and comfortably warm, as you may imagine. At last it occurred to me, that by giving

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"Seeing a naked man emerge from his body."—*Page* 99.

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him pain he would be glad to get rid of me. As I had plenty of room, I played my pranks, such as tumbling, hop, step, and jump, &c., but nothing seemed to disturb him so much as the quick motion of my feet in attempting to dance a hornpipe. Soon after I began he put me out, by sudden fits and starts. At last he roared horridly, and stood up almost perpendicular in the water, with his head and shoulders exposed, in consequence of which he was discovered by the people on board an Italian trader, then sailing by, who harpooned him in a few minutes. As soon as he was brought on board, I heard the crew consulting how they should cut him up, so as to preserve the greatest quantity of oil. As I understood Italian, I was in most dreadful apprehensions lest their weapons employed in this business should destroy me also; therefore I stood as near the centre as possible, for there was room enough for a dozen men in this creature's stomach, and I naturally imagined they would begin with the extremities; however, my fears were soon dispersed, for they began by opening the bottom of the belly. As soon as I perceived a glimmering of light I called out lustily to be released from a situation in which I was now almost suffocated. It is impossible for me to do justice to the degree and kind of astonishment which sat upon every countenance at hearing a human voice issue from a fish, but more so at seeing a naked man emerge from his body; in short, gentlemen, I told them the whole story, as I have told you. They almost split their sides with laughing.

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After taking some refreshment, and jumping into the sea to cleanse myself, I swam to my clothes, which lay where I had left them on the shore. As near as I can calculate, I was three quarters of an hour confined in the stomach of this monster.

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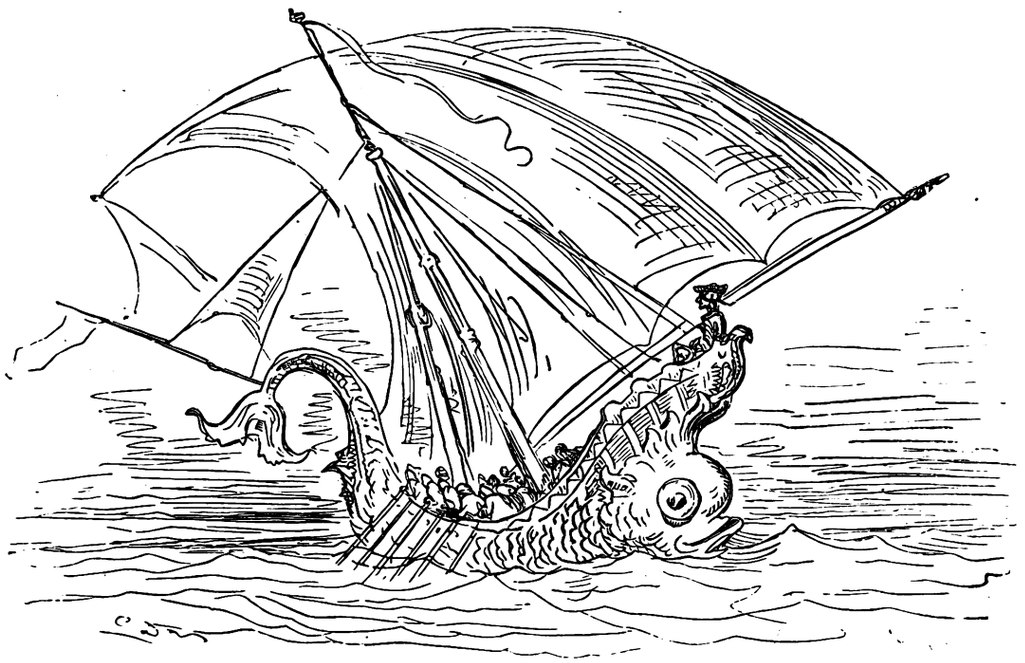

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELS IN TURKEY—ADVENTURES ON THE RIVER NILE—SEES AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON AT CONSTANTINOPLE; FIRES AT IT, AND BRINGS IT DOWN, WITH A FRENCH EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHER SUSPENDED FROM IT—THE EMBASSY TO GRAND CAIRO—A VISIT TO THE NILE—PROMOTED TO AN UNEXPECTED SITUATION, AND DISCHARGED IN SIX WEEKS.

WHEN I was in the service of the Turks, I frequently amused myself in a pleasure-barge on the Sea of Marmora, which commands a view of the whole city of Constantinople, including the Grand Seignior's seraglio. One morning, as I was admiring the beauty and serenity of the sky, I observed a globular substance in the air, which appeared to be about the size of a billiard-ball, with somewhat suspended from it. I immediately took up my largest and longest fowling-piece, without which I never travel or make even an excursion, if I can

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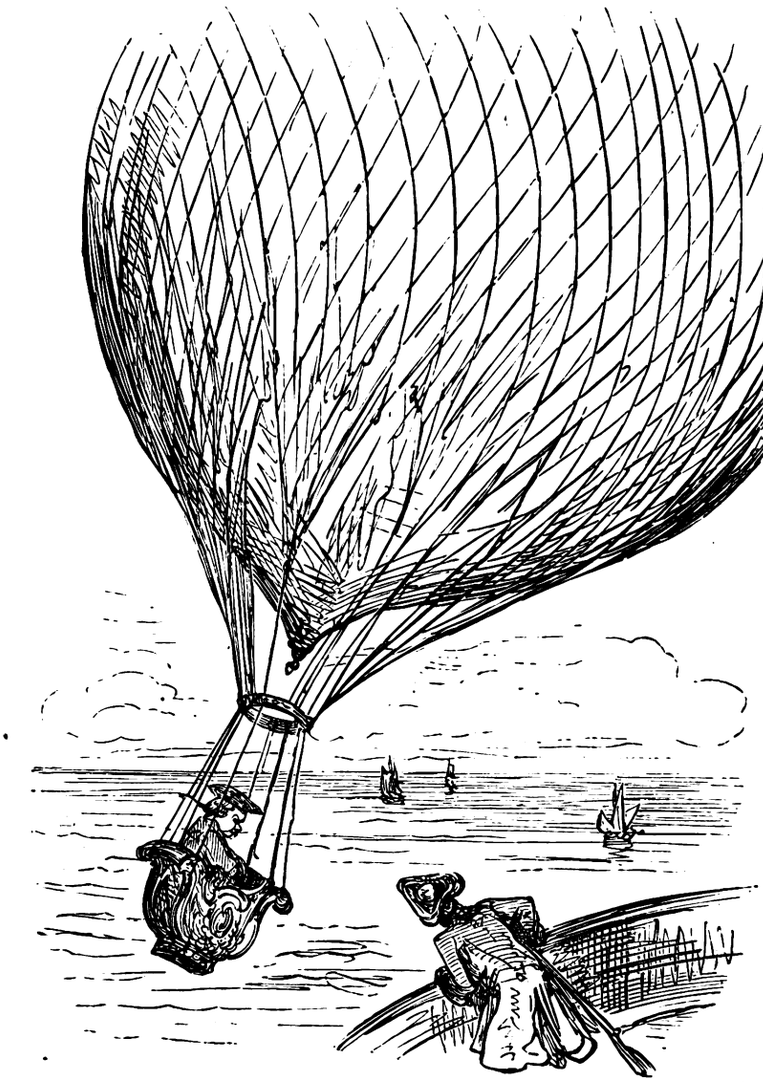
help it. I charged with a ball and fired at the globe, but to no purpose, the object being at too great a distance. I then put in



a double quantity of powder, and five or six balls. This second attempt succeeded; all the balls took effect, and tore one side open, and brought it down. Judge my surprise when a most

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elegant gilt car, with a man in it, and part of a sheep which seemed to have been roasted, fell within two yards of me. When my astonishment had in some degree subsided, I ordered my people to row close to this strange aërial traveller.

The man, who appeared to me to be a Frenchman, and who, in fact, was one, carried in his waistcoat pocket a couple of handsome watches with chains, and lockets containing miniatures of great lords and ladies. From each of his button-holes

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there hung a gold medal, worth at least 100 ducats, and on each of his fingers there glittered a valuable ring, set with diamonds. His pockets were so crammed with bags of money, that they weighed down his coat-tails till they trailed along the ground.

"Truly," I reflected, "this man must have done some great service to the human race, or else, in this niggardly age, these great personages would not have loaded him with so many presents."

The suddenness of his fall had stunned him so severely, that he could not speak for some time. At last he recovered, and gave me the following narrative: —

"My head was not strong enough for this sort of travelling, nor am I sufficiently acquainted with science to master its peculiarities. My idea was to use it as a means whereby I might humiliate the rope-dancers and tumblers of every-day life, and raise myself to a height above their heads.

"About seven or eight days since—I cannot tell which, for I have lost my reckoning, having been most of the time where the sun never sets—I ascended from the Land's End, in Cornwall, in the island of Great Britain, in the car from which I have been just taken, suspended from a very large balloon, and took a sheep with me to fling down from the upper air, for the diversion of the lookers on. Unfortunately, the wind changed within ten minutes after my ascent, and, instead of driving towards Exeter, where I intended to land, I was

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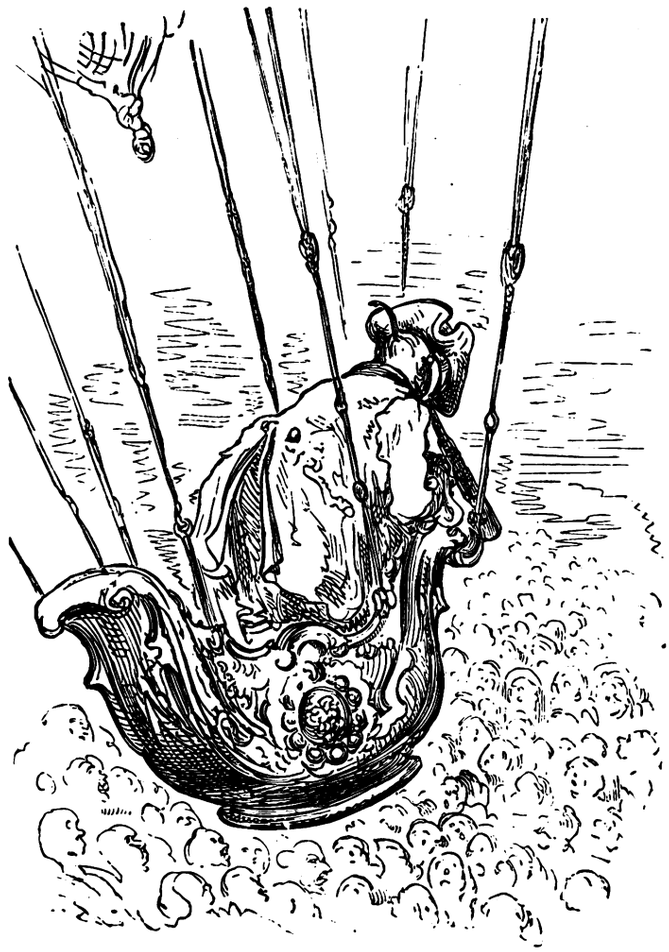
driven towards the sea, over which I suppose I have continued ever since, but much too high to make observations.

"The calls of hunger were so pressing, that I congratulated



myself upon not having done as I had intended with my sheep. I was obliged, on the third day, to kill the poor creature; and being at that time infinitely above the moon, and, for upwards of sixteen hours after, so very near the sun that it scorched my

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eyebrows, I placed the carcase, taking care to skin it first, in that part of the car where the sun had sufficient power, or, in other words, where the balloon did not shade it from the sun, by which method it was well roasted in about two hours. This has been my food ever since. The cause," added he, "of my long flight was owing to the failure of a string which was fixed to a valve in the balloon, intended to let out the inflammable air; and if it had not been fired at and rent in the manner before-mentioned, I might, like Mahomet, have been suspended between heaven and earth till doomsday."

He generously presented my steersman with his car. The remains of the sheep he cast into the sea. As for the balloon, it had been so damaged by my shot, that the fall into the water broke it all to pieces.

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CHAPTER X.

THE BARON SETS OUT ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION TO GRAND CAIRO, AND WHILE "EN ROUTE" HE RECRUITS HIS RETINUE.

SINCE we have time, gentlemen, to crack another bottle of wine, I will tell you of a very strange adventure that befell me a few months before my return to Europe.

The Grand Seignior, to whom I was introduced by the Imperial, Russian, and French ambassadors, employed me to negotiate a matter of great importance at Grand Cairo, and which was of such a nature that it must ever remain a secret.

I set forth in great state, attended by a numerous retinue, but before I got to my journey's end I had the good fortune to increase my followers by some very interesting specimens

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of humanity. I had travelled but a few miles from Constantinople when I saw a slim, lean man running straight across the country with great swiftness, though he had fastened to each of his feet a mass of lead weighing at least fifty pounds. I was so astonished that I called to him and said—

"Where are you going to so quick, my friend? and why do you load yourself with such a weight as that?"

"I left Vienna, sir, half an hour ago," he replied. "I was servant there to a great lord who has just dismissed me. As I had no longer any use for my speed, I lessen it by help of this weight, for when you go slowly you go surely, as my master used to say."

The fellow pleased me so well that I asked him if he would enter my service. He agreed at once. We started again, passed through many cities, and traversed many lands.

One day, as I was riding along, I saw a man, not far from the road, stretched motionless upon the ground. He seemed to be asleep, but he was not, for he kept one ear close to the ground, as though he wished to listen to the conversation of the inhabitants of the subterranean world.

"What are you listening to, my friend?" I shouted.

"I am listening to the grass growing, to wile away the time," he replied.

"And can you hear it grow?"

"Oh, yes, it's easy enough to hear a trifle like that."

"Enter my service, then, my man; perhaps it may be

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serviceable to me some day to have a delicate ear among my attendants."

He got up and followed me.

Not far from that I saw on a hill a man with a gun,

who kept putting his piece to his shoulder, and shooting into the sky.

"Good sport to you! good sport to you!" I cried. "But what are you shooting at? I can see nothing but the sky."

"Oh!" he answered, "I am trying this fowling-piece I have just received from Kuchenreicher of Ratisbon. I have just shot a sparrow that had perched on the spire of Strasburg Cathedral."

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Those who know my passion for the noble pleasures of the chase will not be surprised to hear that I leaped on the neck of this wonderful marksman. Of course I spared no pains to secure him as one of my attendants.

We continued our journey, and at length reached Mount Lebanon. There we found, in front of a wide forest of cedars, a short squat fellow with a rope in his hand, which was tied round the whole wood.

"What are you dragging along there?" I asked.

"I came out to cut some building timber, and found I had left my hatchet behind me, so I am trying to get out of the scrape as well as I can."

So saying, he threw down the entire forest at a single pull, as though it had been a handful of reeds. You can easily guess what I did. I had rather have sacrificed my post as ambassador, than have failed to secure this forester.

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"A personage of a corpulence worthy of Falstaff."—*Page* 113.

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At the instant when we set foot on Egyptian soil, there rose so formidable a tempest that for a moment I feared that I, my carriages, my people, and my horses would be overthrown, and blown away. On the left of the road was a row of seven

mills, whose sails were turning round as quick as the wheel of the most active spinster. A little further on there came towards us a personage of a corpulence worthy of Falstaff, who kept his fore-finger continually upon his right nostril. As soon as he saw the distress we were in, and how we were struggling miserably against the storm, he came up to us, and doffed

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his hat with a salute, such as a soldier makes to his commanding officer. The wind fell as by magic, and the seven mills

remained motionless. Much surprised at this, which did not appear natural, I said to the man—

"Halloo! you sir, is the devil inside of you, or are you the devil in person?"

"I beg your pardon, your excellency," he replied; "I was blowing a capful of wind for my master, the miller; and for fear of turning his mills too quickly, I stopped one nostril."

"Here's a man you must not lose," I thought. "He will be wonderfully useful to you when you get home, if ever you should be short of breath to tell your adventures with."

We soon struck a bargain. He left his mills and followed me.

It was time we reached Cairo. As soon as I had accomplished my mission satisfactorily, I determined to dismiss my

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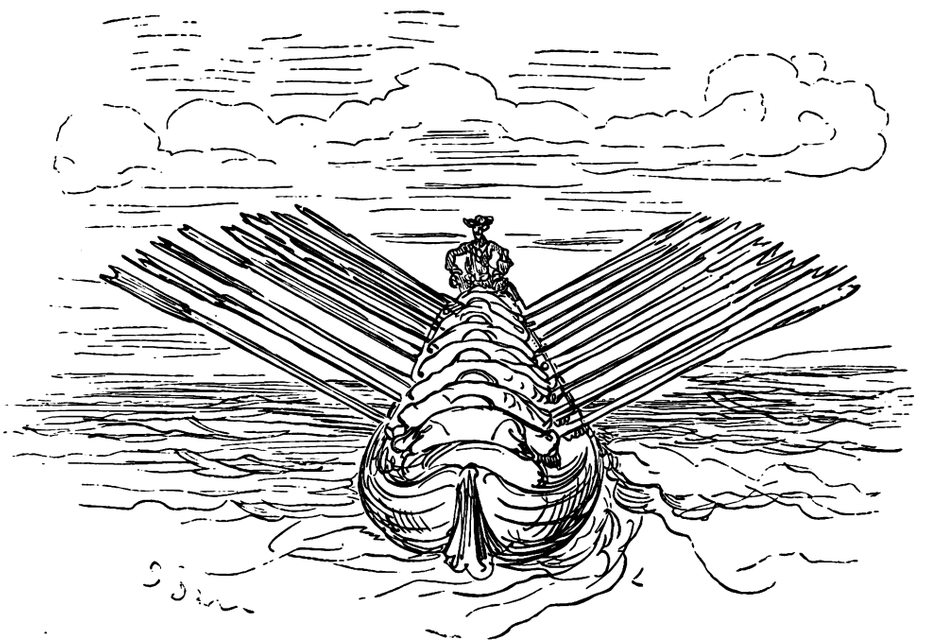
retinue, which, with the exception of my recent acquisitions, was of no further use to me; and I resolved to return as a private individual, with no other attendants besides them. The weather being splendid, and the Nile more charming than I can express, I took it into my head to hire a boat and descend to



Alexandria. Everything went on prosperously till the middle of the third day.

You have all heard, I presume, of the annual overflowing of the Nile. On the third day of my voyage the river began to rise most amazingly, and on the next it spread over the whole country for many leagues on each side. On the fifth, at sunset, my barge became entangled with what I at first took for reeds, but next morning I found myself surrounded

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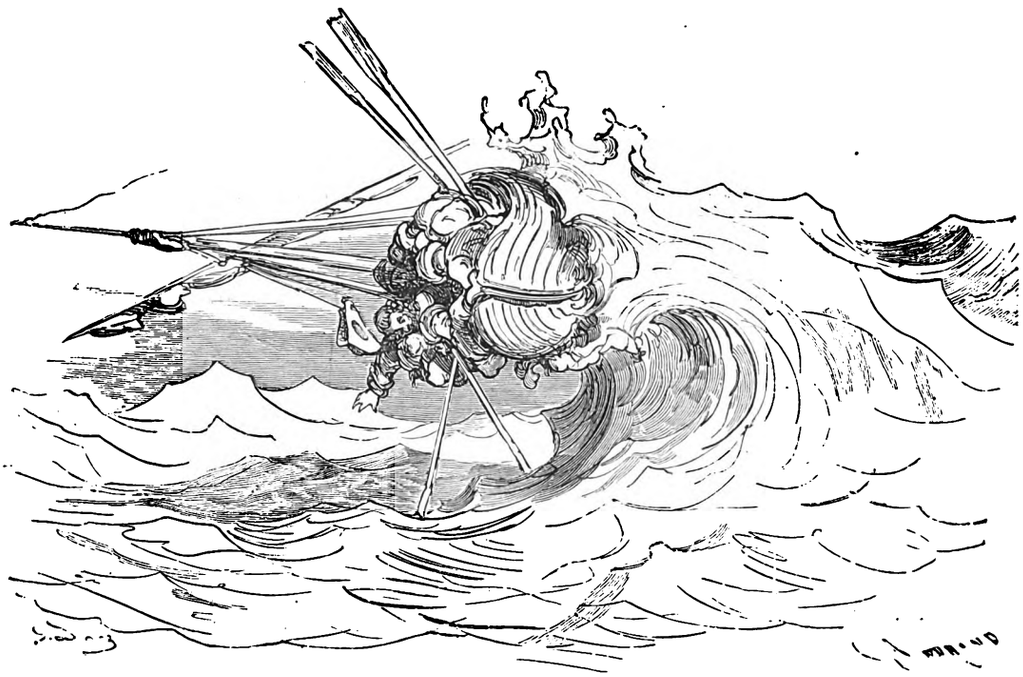
by almond trees, whose fruit was perfectly ripe and in the highest perfection. Upon plumbing with a line, my people found we were at least sixty feet from the ground, and unable to advance or retreat. At about eight or nine o'clock, as near as I could judge by the altitude of the sun, the



wind rose suddenly, and canted our barge on one side; here she filled, and I saw no more of her for some time. Fortunately we all saved ourselves (six men and two boys) by clinging to the tree, the boughs of which were equal to our weight, though not to that of the barge. In this situation we continued six weeks and three days, living exclusively upon the almonds; I need not inform you that we had plenty of

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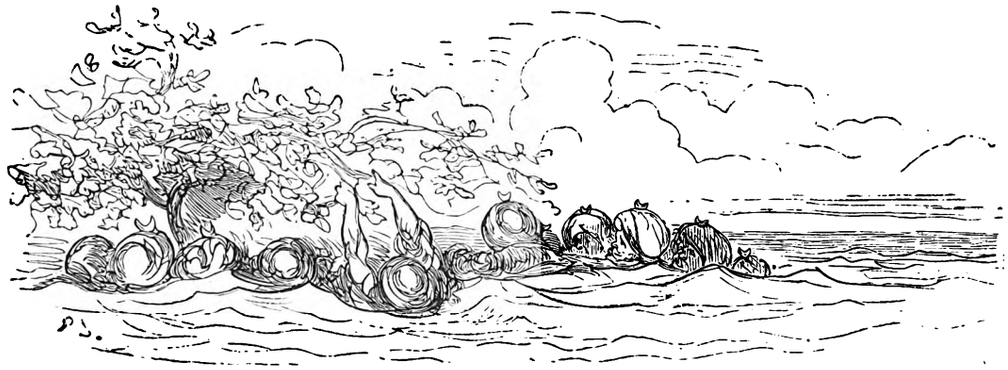
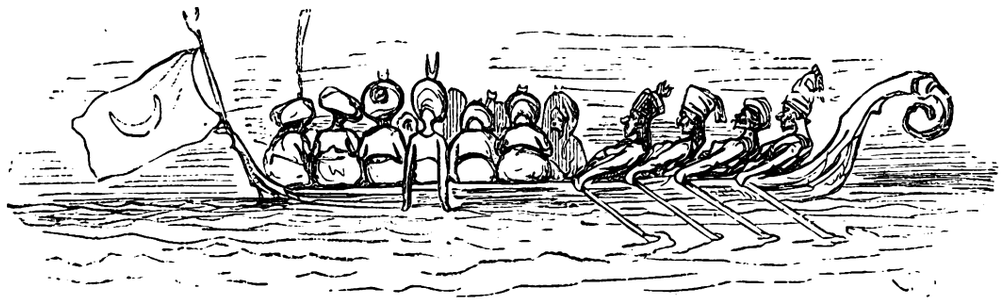
water. On the forty-second day of our distress the water fell as rapidly as it had risen, and on the forty-sixth we were able to venture down upon terra-firma. Our barge was the first



pleasing object we saw, about two hundred yards from the spot where she sunk. After drying everything that was useful by the heat of the sun, and loading ourselves with necessaries from the stores on board, we set out to recover our lost



ground, and found by the nearest calculation that we had been carried over garden walls and a variety of enclosures, above 150 miles. In four days, after a very tiresome journey on

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foot, with thin shoes, we reached the river, which was now confined to its banks, and related our adventures to a bey, who kindly accommodated all our wants, and sent us forward in a barge of his own. In six days more we arrived at Alexandria, where we took shipping for Constantinople. I was received kindly by the Grand Seignior, and had the honour of seeing the seraglio, to which his highness introduced me himself, and offered to present me with as many wives as I thought proper to select for myself and my friends.

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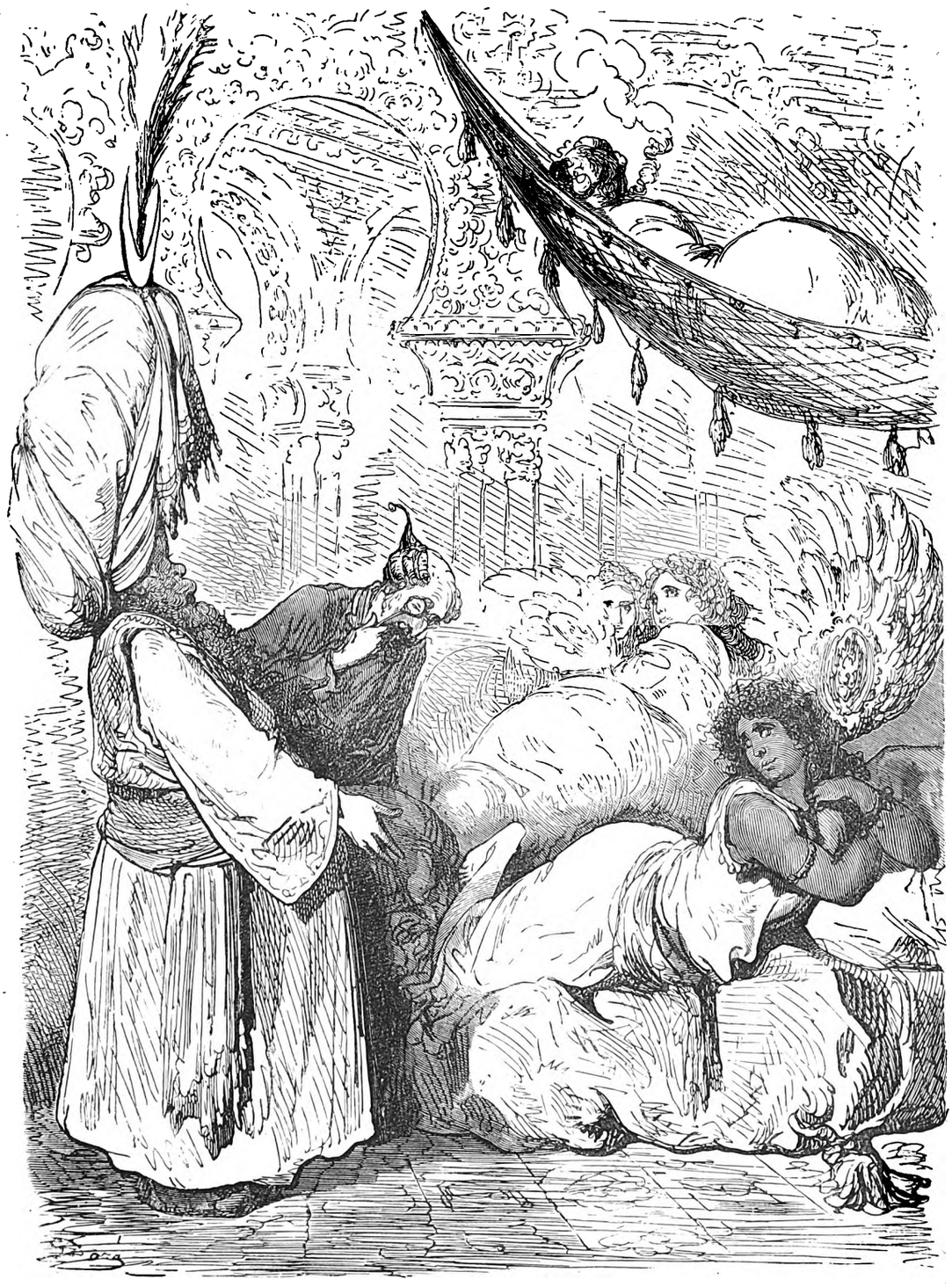

"I had the honour of seeing the seraglio."—*Page* 118.

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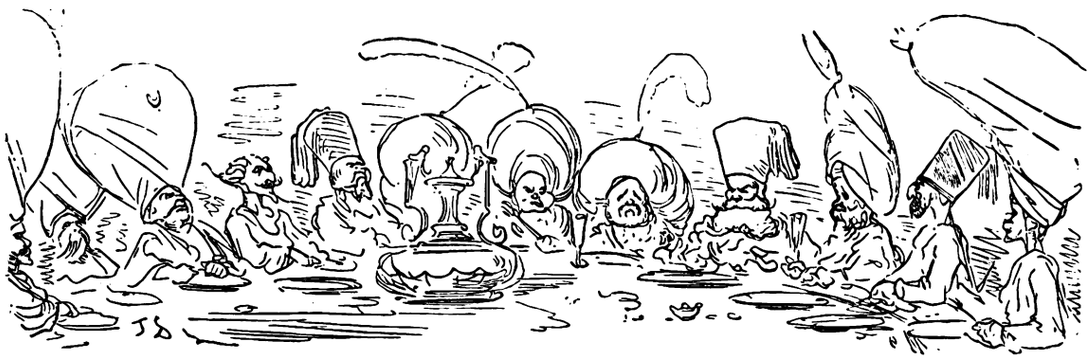

CHAPTER XI.

THE BARON PRAISES THE TABLE OF THE GRAND TURK—THE LORD HIGH STEWARD ENTERTAINS THE BARON—THE BARON INDITES A LETTER TO THE EMPRESS-QUEEN MARIA THERESA—THE RUNNER PROVES LAZY, BUT IS SPEEDILY WAKED UP—THE SULTAN MAKES AN ORDER IN THE BARON'S FAVOUR, OF WHICH THE BARON AVAILS HIMSELF, AND IS PURSUED BY THE WHOLE FLEET—HE ESCAPES ONLY TO BE ROBBED IN ITALY—BARON TOTT'S ACCOUNT OF THE LARGEST CANNON IN THE WORLD.

"I AM going to bed," said the Baron, when he had finished the story of his journey to Egypt. That, however, his audience would by no means allow: so he was obliged to sit down again and tell them some more stories about his wonderful servants. He went on as follows:—

After my return from Egypt, I did just as I pleased at the court of the Grand Turk. His Highness could not exist without me, and sent daily to ask me to dine and sup with him. I must tell you, gentlemen, that of all the sovereigns in the world, the Sultan of Turkey is the one who keeps the best table—at least, as far as eating goes; for in the matter of drink, you know that Mahomet does not allow the faithful to

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drink wine. No one, therefore, who dines with a Turk must look forward to his glass; but though the deed cannot be done openly, yet for all that it takes place pretty often in secret: and notwithstanding the precepts of the Koran, more than one Turk knows how to crack a bottle as well as a German archbishop. This was the case with His Highness the Sultan.

The Lord High Steward invariably dined with us. He was also a mufti, and said grace at the beginning and end of the repast. In his presence, of course, wine was never alluded to. But when dinner was over, there was sure to be a bottle of right good liquor waiting for His Highness in his private apartments. One day he bade me follow him thither. When we had secured ourselves against interruption there, he drew a bottle from a press, and said—

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"Munchausen, I know that you Christians are judges of good wine. Here is a bottle of Tokay, the only one I possess, and I am sure that never in your life can you have tasted better."

So saying, His Highness filled his own glass and mine. We touched glasses and we drank.

"Well, what do you think of that? That is something out of the common, is it not?"

"The wine is not bad," I answered; "but if your Highness will allow me to make the remark, I must say that I have drunk

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better at Vienna, at the table of the august Emperor Charles VI. I wish you could have tasted that!"

"My dear Munchausen," he replied, "I do not wish to hurt your feelings; but I believe it to be impossible to find better Tokay than this. This single bottle was given me by an Hungarian nobleman, who set the greatest store by it."

"Humbug, your Majesty! humbug! There is Tokay and

Tokay! Besides, generosity is not a virtue for which the Hungarian nobility are distinguished. What will you wager that I do not procure you, within an hour, a bottle of Tokay out of the imperial cellar at Vienna, which you will find quite another sort of thing to this?"

"Munchausen, I think you have taken leave of your senses."

"No, Sire, I have not. Within an hour I will bring you a

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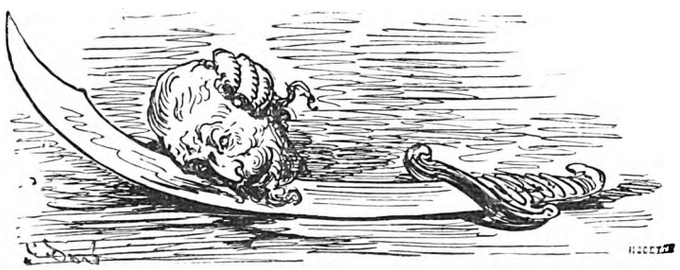
bottle of Tokay from the cellar of the Empress of Austria, of quite another brand than that sour stuff."

"Munchausen, Munchausen, you want to make game of me, and that is what I cannot suffer. I have always found you a reasonable and truth-speaking person; but verily I am tempted to believe that you are drawing the long bow."

"Well, let your Highness deign to accept my challenge. If I do not fulfil my engagement—and you know that I am a sworn foe to bragging—your Highness shall have full leave



to cut my head off; and my head is no pumpkin! There are my stakes. What are yours?"

"Agreed! I accept the challenge," said the Sultan. "If, when the clock strikes four, the bottle is not here, I will have your head cut off without mercy: for I am not in the habit of allowing myself to be tricked, even by my best friends. On the other hand, if you make good your promise, you are at liberty to take out of my treasury as much gold and silver, with as many pearls and precious stones, as the strongest man can carry."

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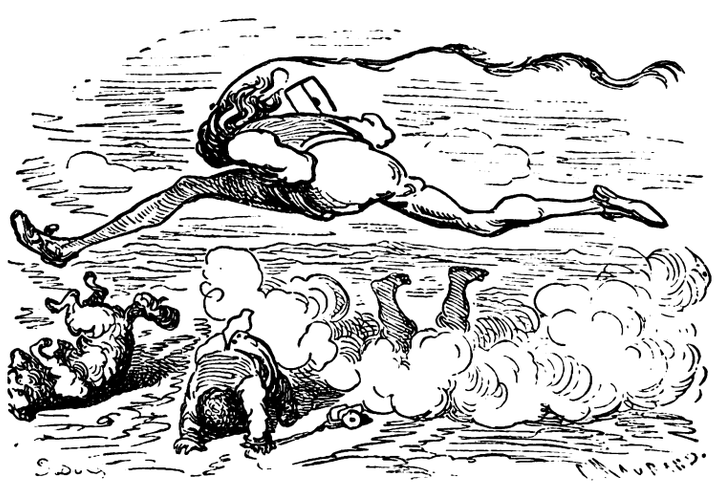
"The conditions are decided," I answered.

I called for a pen and ink, and I wrote to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa the following letter:—

"Your Majesty has doubtless, by virtue of her rights as heiress of the empire, inherited the wine-cellar of her illustrious father. Might I venture to entreat her to give the bearer a bottle of that Tokay which I have drunk so often with her late father? It must be the best, however, for there's a wager in the case. I seize this opportunity of assuring your Majesty of the profound respect with which I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

"BARON DE MUNCHAUSEN."

As it was already five minutes past three, I gave the note, without sealing it, to my man, who took off his weights and started at once for Vienna.



This done, we drank, the Sultan and I, the rest of our bottle, while waiting for the one from Maria Theresa. A quarter

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past three struck, then half-past, then a quarter to four, and the man did not return. I confess that I began to feel extremely uncomfortable, and the more so as I observed His Highness casting his eyes from time to time towards the rope attached to the bell by which he summoned his executioner. He gave me leave, however, to go down into the garden to breathe a mouthful of air; but I was escorted by two mutes, who never let me out of their sight. The hand of the clock pointed to five minutes to four. I was in a state of mental agony—the occa-

sion warranted it. I sent at once to fetch my listener and my marksman. They came directly: my listener laid himself down, to hear whether my runner was coming or no. Fancy my despair when he told me that the rogue was lying fast asleep at a great distance, and snoring with all his might. My brave marksman had no sooner heard that than he sprang upon a lofty terrace, and, standing on tip-toe to see better, exclaimed, "I can see him, the lazy scoundrel! He is lying under an oak near Belgrade, with the bottle by his side. I'll touch him up."

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So saying, he put his gun to his shoulder, and sent the charge full into the foliage of the tree. Acorns, branches, leaves, descended like hail upon the sleeper, who, fearing lest he had slept too long, set off to run again with such swiftness, that he arrived at the Sultan's cabinet with the bottle of Tokay, and an autograph letter from Maria Theresa, at half a minute to four o'clock.

The noble epicure seized the bottle, and began to taste it at once with signs of inexpressible rapture.

"Munchausen," he said, "you will not be offended with me if I keep this bottle all to myself. You have more credit at Vienna than I have, and are therefore better able to get a second."

So saying, he placed it in his escritoir, which he locked, and put the key in his trousers' pocket. Then he rang for his treasurer. What a delicious sound that bell had!

"I must pay what I have lost," he went on to say. "Listen, treasurer, you will allow my friend Munchausen to take out of my treasury as much silver and gold, with as many pearls

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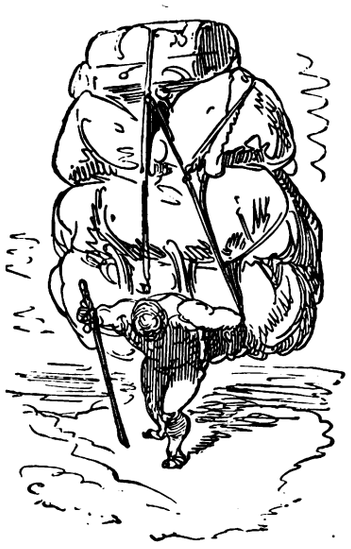
and precious stones, as the strongest man can carry. Begone!"

The treasurer bowed himself to the earth before his master, who shook me cordially by the hand, and dismissed us both.

I need not tell you that I did not lose a moment in seeing that the order the Sultan had given in my favour was obeyed. I had my strong man brought, who came with his big



hempen rope, and we went together to the treasury. I assure you that when we came out there was not much left behind. I hurried straight to the harbour, where I chartered the biggest vessel I could find, and got her under way at once, in order to put my treasure in a place of safety before anything disagreeable took place.

What I feared was not slow in coming to pass. The treasurer, leaving open the door of the treasury—it was scarcely

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worth while to shut it—had gone with all speed to the Grand Turk, and told him what advantage I had taken of his liberality. His Highness had received the news with mute astonishment, and repented him bitterly of his rashness. He gave orders to the Lord High Admiral to pursue me with the entire fleet, and to make me understand that he had not intended the bet to be understood in that sense. I had but two miles' start,

and when I saw the whole Turkish fleet of war bearing down upon me with all sails set, I confess that my head, which had begun to feel more secure upon my shoulders, commenced shaking more violently than ever. But my blower was there.

"Do not be uneasy, your Excellency," said he. He laid himself down in the stern, in such a position that he could bring one nostril to bear upon the Turkish fleet, and the other on our sails. Then he began to blow; and blow he did with

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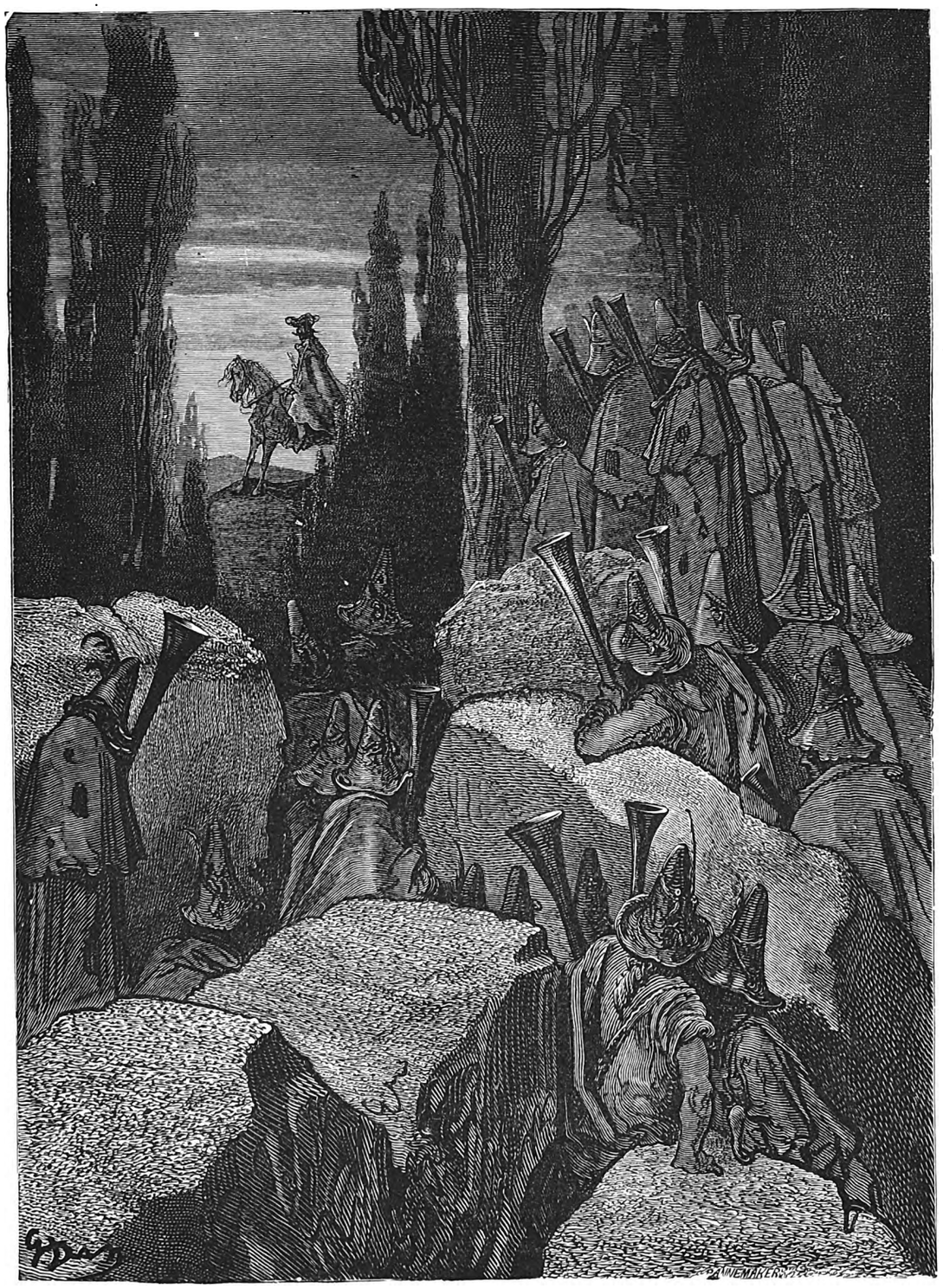

"These ragamuffins felt no scruple in plundering me."—*Page* 133.

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such violence, that he sent the Turkish fleet home to port with loss of masts, ropes, and rigging, while at the same time my vessel arrived in a few hours off the Italian coast.

I did not, however, derive any very great advantage from my treasure. For—though Herr Jagemann, the librarian of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, affirms the contrary—begging has come to such a pass in Italy, and the police is so badly regulated, that I had to distribute in alms the greater portion of my property. The rest I was robbed of by some highwaymen in the territory of Loretto, not far from Rome. These ragamuffins felt no scruple in plundering me thus; for the thousandth part of what they stole from me would suffice to buy at Rome a plenary indulgence

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for all the band and their descendants from generation to generation.

But now, gentlemen, good night!

When the Baron had related the preceding adventure, he

retired, leaving the company in high good humour. Before he left he promised, on an early occasion, to tell them some of his

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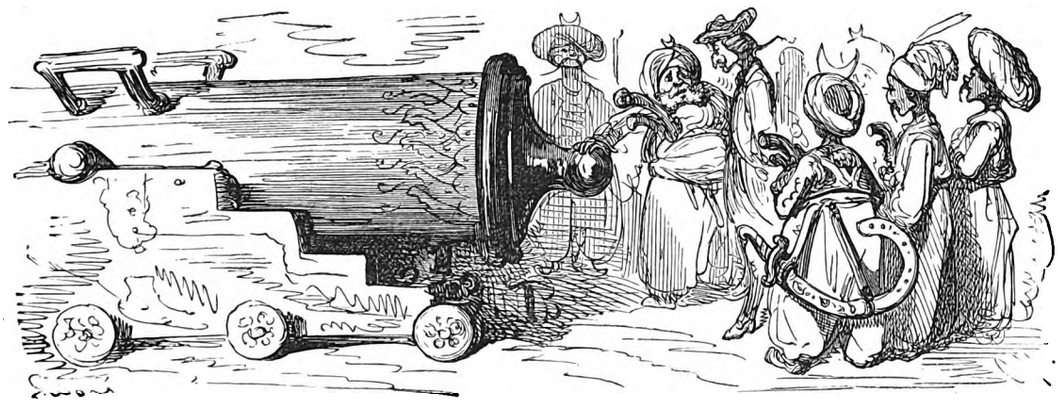
father's adventures, with other anecdotes of the most surprising character.

Every one had something to say about the Baron's stories. One of the company, who had been with him in Turkey, remarked that there was a huge cannon near Constantinople, of which Baron Tott makes mention in his memoirs. As near as I can recollect, what he says is as follows:—The Turks had placed below the castle, and near the city, on the banks of the famous



river Simois, an enormous piece of ordnance cast in brass, which would carry a marble ball of at least 1,100 pounds weight. "I was very anxious," says Baron Tott, "to fire it, in order to judge of its effect. The whole army, however, trembled at the idea of so audacious an act, for they asserted it would overthrow not only the castle, but the city also. At length their fears in part subsided, and I was permitted to discharge it. It required not less than 330 pounds' weight of powder to load the piece; the ball weighed, as before mentioned, eleven hundred-weight. When the engineer brought the priming, the crowd

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who were about me retreated to a respectful distance; nay, it was with the utmost difficulty I persuaded the Pacha, who came on purpose, that there was no cause for alarm; even the engineer, who was to discharge it by my direction, was considerably alarmed. I took my stand on some stonework behind the cannon, gave the signal, and felt a shock like that of an earthquake! At the distance of 300 fathoms, the ball burst into three pieces; the fragments crossed the strait, rebounded on the opposite mountain, and left the surface of the water all in a foam through the whole breadth of the channel."

This, gentlemen, is, as near as I can recollect, Baron Tott's account of the largest cannon in the world. Now, when I was there, not long since, with Baron Munchausen, the anecdote of Tott's firing this tremendous piece was mentioned as a wonderful instance of bravery and coolness.

My friend Munchausen, who could not endure the thoughts of being outdone by a Frenchman, took the cannon on his shoulders, and having balanced it well, leaped into the sea, and swam across the strait. In an evil hour he took it into his head to throw the gun back into its proper position below the castle. I say in an evil hour, for it slipped out of his hand at the moment that he was poising it to throw, so that it fell into the strait, where it is lying still, and where, in all probability, it will lie for ever.

This it was that made the rupture between the Baron and the Grand Turk complete. The affair of the treasure had been long

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forgotten, for the Sultan had revenue enough to fill his coffers again before long, and it was by direct invitation of His Majesty that the Baron was at that time in Turkey. He would be there still, in all probability, had not the loss of that famous piece of ordnance put the Sultan into such an ill-temper, that he ordered the Baron's head to be cut off without hope of reprieve.

But a certain Sultana, who had conceived a great friendship

for my friend, gave him timely notice of this sanguinary resolve: nay, more, she took such effectual means for his concealment, that the executioner, though he searched for him everywhere, could not find him. The following night we made our escape on board a ship that was setting sail for Venice, and by great good luck escaped this dreadful danger.

The Baron does not like telling this story, because, for

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once, he failed in the enterprise he had undertaken to accomplish, and was very near losing his head into the bargain. However, as there is nothing in the adventure to impeach his honour, I always tell it for him when his back is turned.

Now, gentlemen, you know Baron Munchausen thoroughly, and I hope you can have no further doubts about his truthfulness.

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CHAPTER XII.

OBSERVATIONS DURING THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR—A VISIT TO HIS OLD FRIEND, GENERAL ELLIOT—DESTRUCTION OF A SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR—THE OLD WOMAN ON THE AFRICAN COAST—EXTRAORDINARY COLLISION WITH THE ENEMY'S CANNON—ALARMS THE COUNT D'ARTOIS, AND SENDS HIM TO PARIS—SAVED THE LIVES OF TWO ENGLISH SPIES WITH THE SAME SLING THAT KILLED GOLIATH—THE BARON DRESSES HIMSELF AS A POPISH PRIEST, AND PUTS AN END TO THE SIEGE.

IT will be easily imagined that the Baron's friends were continually importuning him to continue the story of his strange adventures, which they found as instructive as it was romantic. These solicitations, however, were preferred for a long while in vain. It was one of the Baron's praiseworthy customs to do nothing but what suited his humour; and one still more praiseworthy, never to allow himself, on any pretext whatever, to be diverted from this fixed principle of action. At last, the much-desired evening came. A loud laugh from the Baron informed his friends that he was in a humour to divert them.

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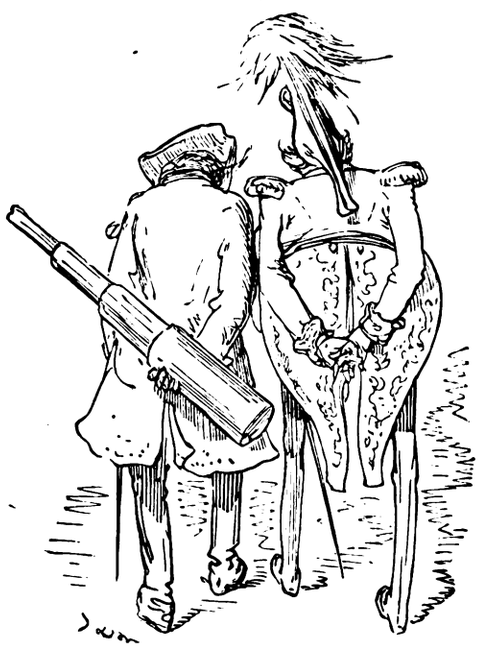
"Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant," or, to speak in English, "They all were silent, and lent an attentive ear." Like a second Æneas, Munchausen, raising himself on the well-stuffed sofa, began as follows:—

During the late siege of Gibraltar, I went on board of a provision-fleet under Lord Rodney's command, to see my old friend General Elliot, who has, by his distinguished defence of



that place, acquired laurels that can never fade. After the usual joy which generally attends the meeting of old friends had subsided, I went to examine the state of the garrison, and view the operations of the enemy, for which purpose the general accompanied me. I had brought a most excellent refracting telescope with me from London, purchased of Dollond, by the help of which I found the enemy were going to discharge a

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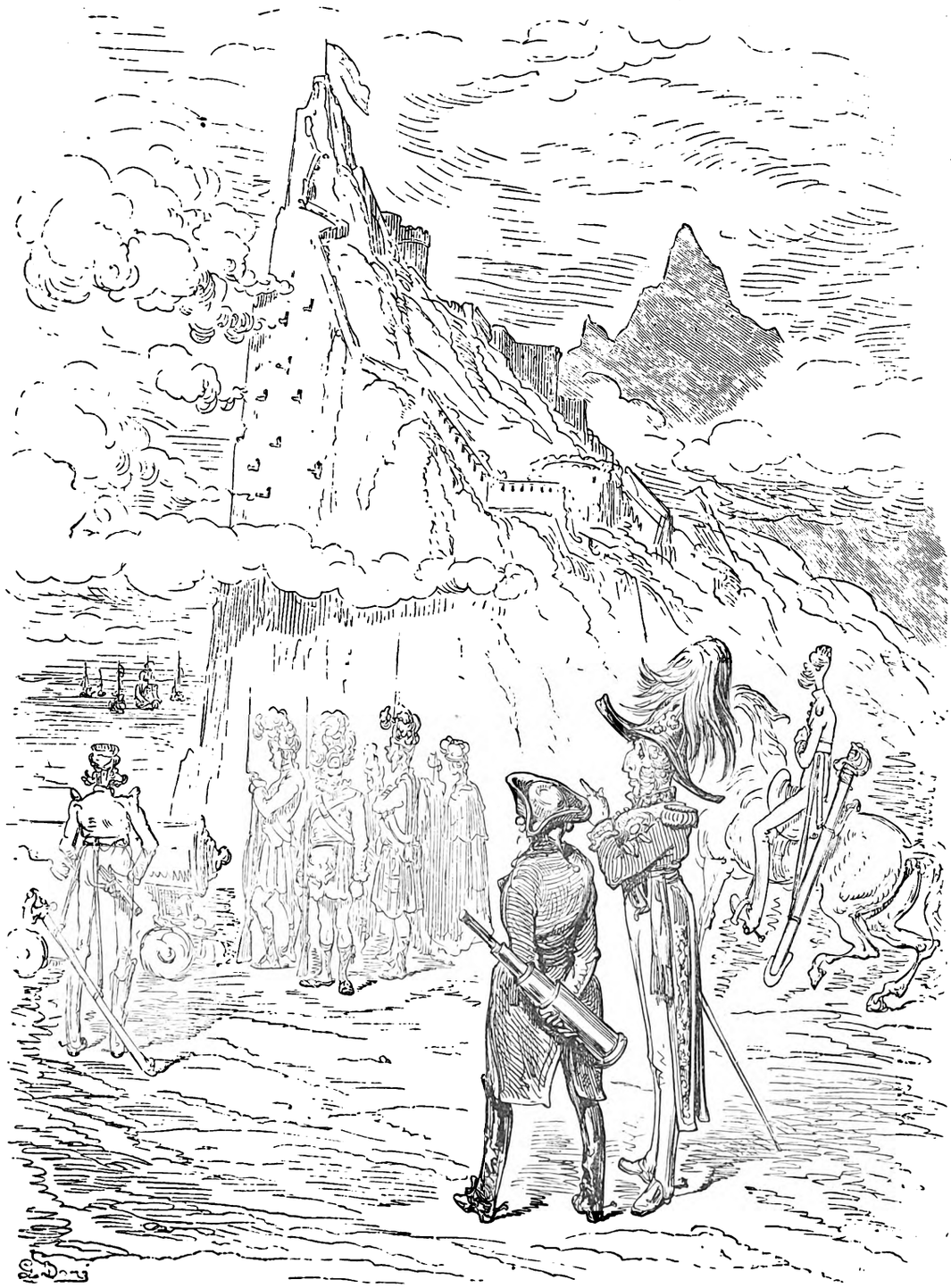

"I went to examine the state of the garrison."—*Page* 140.

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thirty-six pounder at the spot where we stood. I told the general what they were about; he looked through the glass also, and found my conjectures right.

I immediately, by his permission, ordered a forty-eight pounder to be brought from a neighbouring battery, which I placed with so much exactness (for in all that concerns artillery,

I can say without boasting that I have not yet found my superior) that I was sure of my mark.

I continued watching the enemy till I saw the match placed at the touch-hole of their piece; at that very instant I gave the signal for our gun to be fired also.

About midway between the two pieces of cannon, the balls struck each other with amazing force, and the effect was astonishing! The enemy's ball recoiled with such violence, that it

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not only crushed the head of the gunner who had discharged it, but also decapitated sixteen others, whose heads it sent flying towards the African coast. Before it reached Barbary, it

carried away the masts of three vessels that were anchored in the harbour, one behind the other, then it penetrated 200 miles into the interior, fell through the roof of a peasant's hut, and

having deprived a poor old woman, who was lying on her back therein, of the only tooth she had left, finally came to a standstill in her throat. Her husband happened to return home at

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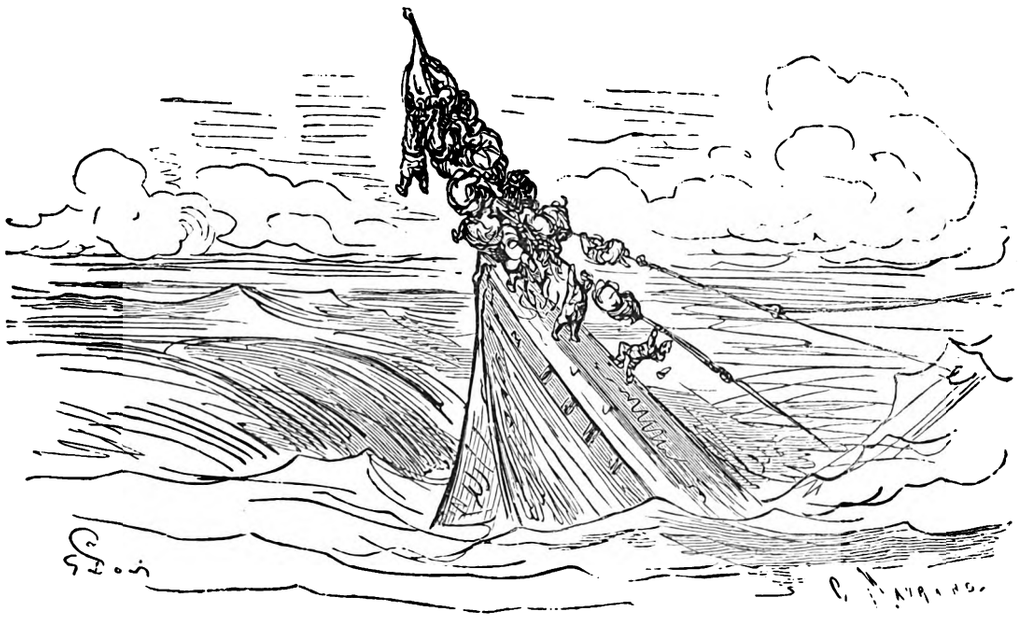
this moment, and finding all attempts to extract the ball unavailing, the brilliant idea struck him of driving it with a mallet into her stomach, so that it might gradually be absorbed into her system, in the usual process of digestion. Our ball did excellent service, for it not only repelled the other in the manner just described, but, proceeding as I intended it should, it dismounted the very piece of cannon that had just been employed against us,



and flung it against the hull of a ship, where it fell with so much force as to break its way through the bottom. The ship immediately filled and sunk, with above 1,000 Spanish sailors on board, besides a considerable number of soldiers.

This, to be sure, was a most extraordinary exploit. I will not, however, take the whole merit to myself; my inventive genius started the idea in the first instance, but chance assisted

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me a little, for I afterwards found that the man who charged our forty-eight pounder had put in, by mistake, a double quantity of powder, else we could never have succeeded so much beyond all expectation—especially in repelling the enemy's ball.

General Elliot would have given me a commission for this singular piece of service, but I declined everything except his thanks, which I received the same evening at a crowded table of officers, and in presence of his whole staff.

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As I am very partial to the English, who are indeed a brave people, I determined not to take my leave of the garrison till I had rendered them another piece of service, and in about three weeks an opportunity presented itself. I dressed myself in the habit of a Roman Catholic priest, and at about one o'clock in the morning stole out of the garrison, passed the enemy's lines, and arrived in the middle of their camp, where I entered the tent in which the Prince d'Artois was, with the commander-in-chief, and several other officers, in deep council, concerting a plan to storm the fortress next morning. My disguise protected me so well, that no one thought of turning me out. I was able, therefore, to hear all they said without any trouble. The council being ended, they went to bed, and I soon perceived that

the whole army, even down to the sentinels, was plunged in the most profound slumber. Then I began my work: I dismounted

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all their cannon (above 300 pieces), from forty-eight to twenty-four pounders, and I threw them three leagues into the sea. Having no assistance, I found this the hardest task I ever undertook, except swimming to the opposite shore with the famous Turkish piece of ordnance, described by Baron de Tott in his

memoirs. I then piled all the carriages together in the centre of the camp, which, to prevent the noise of the wheels being heard, I carried in pairs under my arms; and a noble appearance they made, as high at least as the rock of Gibraltar. I then lighted a match, by striking a flint stone, situated twenty feet from the ground (in an old wall built by the Moors when they invaded

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Spain), with the breech of an iron eight-and-forty pounder, and so set fire to the whole pile. I forgot to inform you that I threw all their ammunition wagons upon the top.

Before I applied the lighted match, I had laid the combustibles at the bottom so judiciously that the whole was in a blaze in a moment. To prevent suspicion, I was one of the

first to give the alarm. The whole camp was, as you may imagine, panic-stricken; the general conclusion was that their sentinels had been bribed, and that seven or eight regiments of the garrison had made a sortie, and so succeeded in destroying the artillery.

Mr. Drinkwater, in his account of this famous siege, mentions the enemy sustaining a great loss by a fire which happened in

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their camp, but never knew the cause;—how should he? as I never divulged it to a living creature (though I alone saved Gibraltar by this night's business), not even to General Elliot. The Count d'Artois and all his attendants ran away in their fright, and never stopped on the road till they reached Paris.

This disaster had such an effect upon them that they were incapable of taking the least refreshment for three months after, and lived upon the air, after the fashion of the chameleons.

About two months after I had done the besieged this service, one morning, as I sat at breakfast with General Elliot, a shell (for I had not time to destroy their mortars as well as

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their cannon) entered the apartment we were sitting in, and lodged on our table. The General, as most men would do, quitted the room directly; but I took up the shell before it burst, and carried it to the top of the rock. There, looking over the enemy's camp, on an eminence near the sea-coast, I observed a considerable number of people, but could not, with my naked eye, discover how they were employed. I had recourse to my telescope, when I found that two of our officers, one a

general, the other a colonel, with whom I had spent the preceding evening, and who went out into the enemy's camp about midnight, as spies, were taken, and they were actually going to be executed on a gibbet. The distance was too great to throw the shell with my hand successfully, but most fortunately recollecting that I had the very sling in my pocket which assisted David in slaying Goliath, I placed the shell in it, and immediately threw it into the midst of them. It burst as it fell, and

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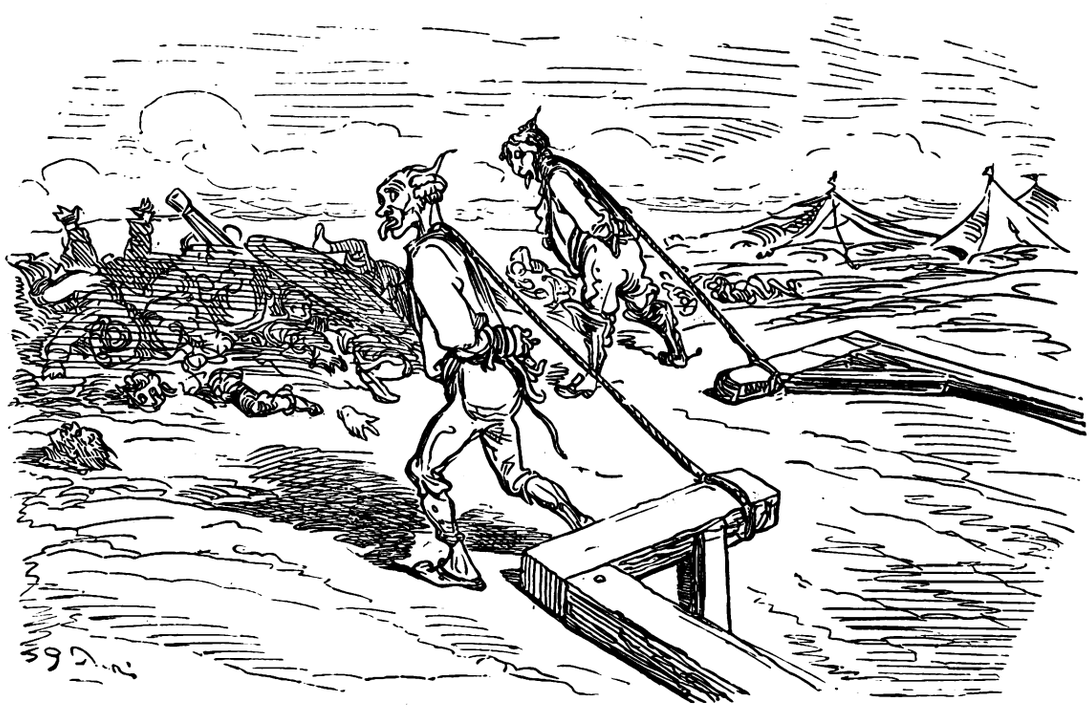
destroyed all present except the two culprits, who were saved by being suspended so high, for they had just been turned off. However, one of the pieces of the shell flew with such force against the foot of the gibbet, that it immediately brought it down. Our two friends no sooner felt the ground under their



feet than they looked about for the cause of so singular a circumstance, and finding that their guards, executioner, and all, had taken it in their heads to die, they directly relieved each other from the inconvenient cravat that was pressing too tightly on their throats, ran down to the sea-shore, seized a Spanish boat with two men in it, and made them row to one of our ships of war.

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A few minutes after, while I was relating to General Elliot how I had acted, they arrived, and after a most cordial exchange of thanks and congratulations, we celebrated this memorable day by a right merry drinking bout.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE BARON RELATES A PIECE OF SCANDAL CONCERNING HIS ANCESTRY—QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND A POET CALLED SHAKESPEARE—EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF THE QUEEN FROM INANITION—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE BARON'S FATHER—THE INDUSTRY OF THE APOTHECARIES, DURING A TEMPORARY ABSENCE OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, SAVES THE UNDERTAKING FROM RUIN—THE BARON'S ADVENTURE AT WAPPING—SEARCH MADE BY THE BARON'S FRIENDS FOR HIM, AND HE EVENTUALLY TURNS UP.

I CAN see by your countenances, gentlemen, that you are all longing to know how I became possessed of such a treasure as the sling I just mentioned. Well, I will tell you. I am a descendant, as you are probably aware, of the wife of Uriah, whom we all know David was intimate with. But after a while his majesty grew singularly cool towards the countess—for she had received this title three months after the death of her husband—and one day they quarrelled upon a matter of the first consequence, viz., the spot where Noah's ark was built, and where it rested after the flood. A separation consequently ensued.

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She had often heard him speak of this sling, as his most valuable treasure; this she stole the night they parted; it was missed before she got out of his dominions, and she was pursued by no less than six of the king's body guards: however, she used the sling herself with such effect that she hit the first of them (for one was more active in the pursuit than the rest) where David did Goliath, and killed him on the spot. His companions were so alarmed at his fall that they retired, and left the countess to pursue her journey unmolested. She took with her, I should have informed you before, her favourite son, to whom she bequeathed the sling; and thus it has, without interruption, descended from father to son till it came into my possession.

One of its possessors—my great, great, great grandfather, who lived about 250 years ago — being upon a visit to England, became intimate there with a poet, who was a great deer-stealer; I think his name was Shakespeare. This poet, upon whose lands the English and Germans poach now-a-days so impudently—by way of serving him out, no doubt—frequently borrowed this sling, and with it killed so much of Sir Thomas Lucy's venison, that he narrowly escaped the fate of my two friends at Gibraltar. Poor Shakespeare was imprisoned, and my ancestor obtained his freedom in a very singular manner.

Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, but grown so indolent that every trifling matter was become a trouble to her; dressing and undressing, eating and drinking, made life a burden to her. My ancestor, whose medical skill was great, enabled her

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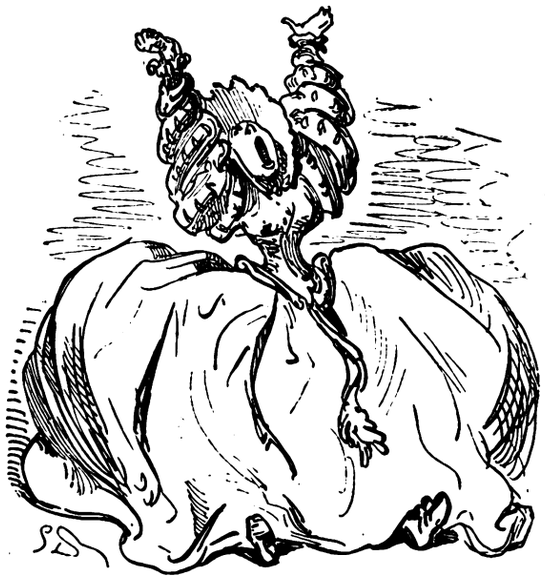
to do without all these things, or by a deputy; and what do you think was the only return she could prevail upon him to accept for such eminent services?—setting Shakespeare at liberty. Such was his affection for that famous writer, that he would have shortened his own days to add to the number of his friend's.

I do not hear that any of the queen's subjects, particularly



the beef-eaters, as they are vulgarly called to this day, however they might be struck with the novelty at the time, much approved of her living totally without food. She did not survive the practice herself above seven years and a half. At the end of that time she died of inanition.

My father, who was the immediate possessor of this sling before me, told me the following anecdote, which his friends

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"Some, standing in a circle, sang choruses of inexpressible beauty."—*Page* 159.

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have often heard him relate, and whose truth no one who knew the worthy old man would doubt for a moment:—

"In one of the numerous visits that I paid to England," he said, "I was walking on the sea-shore not far from Harwich. All of a sudden a sea-horse rose out of the waves, and galloped at the top of his speed towards me. I was unarmed, with the exception of my sling. With that, however, I sent two pebbles at him so adroitly that I put out both his eyes. In a trice I jumped on his back, and moved him in the direction of the sea; for his fierceness had departed with his eyes, and he let himself be guided as quietly as a lamb. I slipped my sling into his mouth as a bridle, and thus accoutred I stood out to sea.

"In less than three hours we had reached the opposite shore: in that short space of time we had traversed a distance of thirty miles. At Helvoetsluys I sold my nag for 700 ducats to mine host of the Three Cups. He exhibited the wonderful creature at so much a head, and made a pretty fortune out of him. You can read his description in Buffon. But, however extraordinary that method of travelling might be"—my father used to add—"the observations and discoveries I was enabled to make thereby are more extraordinary still.

"The animal I rode did not swim; he galloped with incredible swiftness along the bottom of the sea, driving before him millions of fish, quite different from those one is in the habit of seeing. Some of them had their heads in the middle of their bodies, others at the end of their tails; some, standing in

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a circle, sang choruses of inexpressible beauty; others were engaged in building transparent palaces of water, surrounded by vast colonnades, through which rippled to and fro a clear shining fluid, resembling the most brilliant fire. The interior of these buildings was provided with every convenience that could suit fish of distinction: there were nurseries for the safe keeping of the spawn; a suite of spacious halls was devoted to the education of the young fish. The method of instruction—as far as I could judge of it by what I saw, for their words were as unintelligible to me as the song of the birds or the dialogue of the grasshoppers—appeared to me to resemble so closely that which is employed at present in charitable institutions upon earth, that I felt persuaded that one of our theorists had made a journey similar to mine, and fished his ideas out of the water instead of catching them in the air. In general, you will conclude from what I have just told you, that there is still in the world a vast field of investigation that well deserves to be explored and studied. But I must go on with my story.

"Among other incidents of travel, I crossed a vast range of mountains, as lofty, at the very least, as the Alps. Among the clefts of the rocks a forest of tall trees of various kinds was growing, to whose branches clung lobsters, crabs, oysters, mussels, and sea-snails of so vast a size that a single one would have been a load for a wagon, and the smallest would have crushed a porter. All the individuals of this kind that are cast up on our shores, and sold in our markets, are mere poverty-

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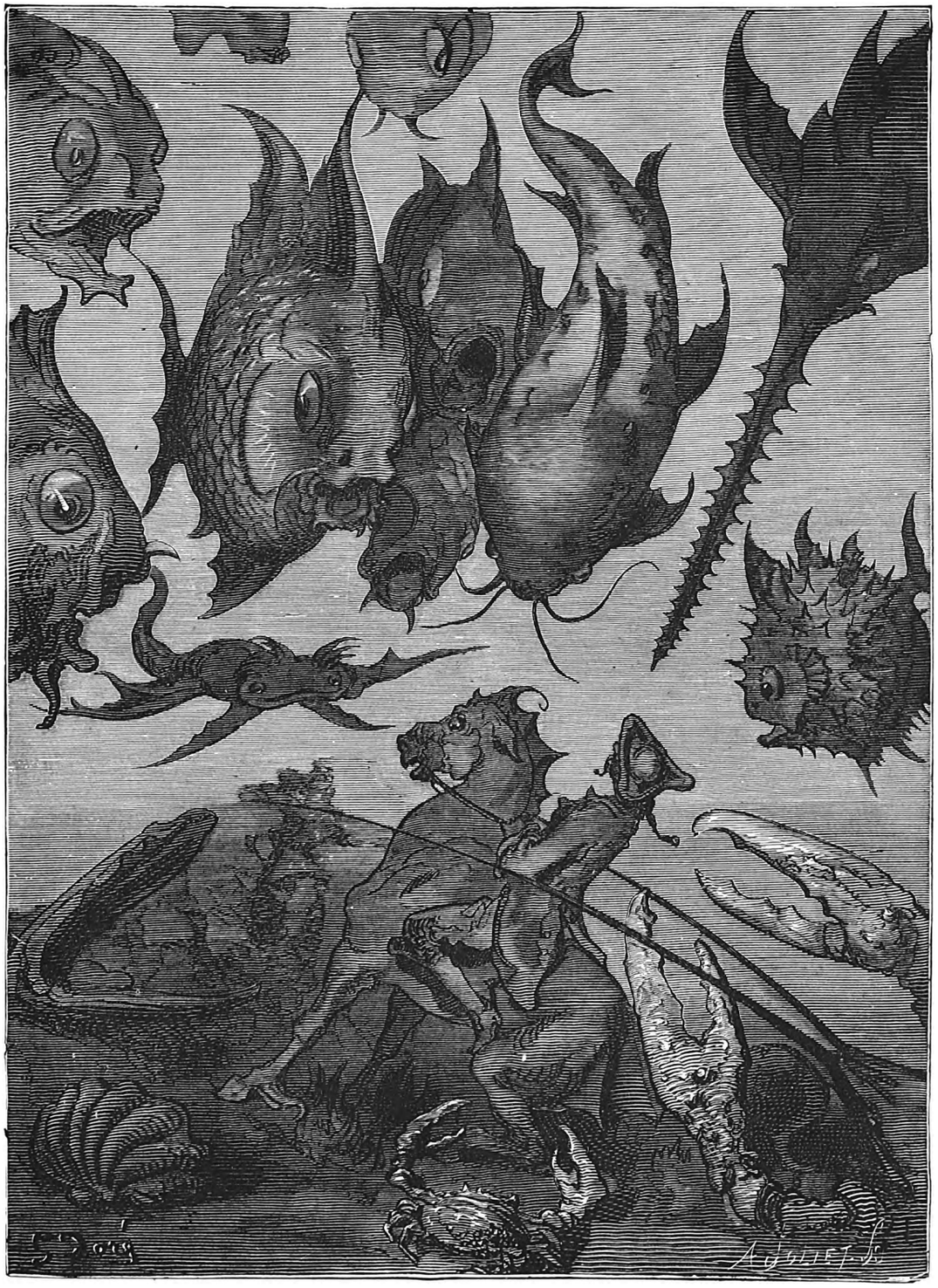

"I met, from time to time, with huge fishes."—*Page* 163.

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stricken creatures that the water washes off the branches, exactly as the wind shakes unripe fruit off a tree. The trees on which the lobsters lived seemed to me to bear the most fruit; but those belonging to crabs and oysters were the largest. The little sea-snails grow on a sort of shrub which is nearly always to be found growing at the foot of the crab-trees, and climbs up them, as ivy does over an oak.

"When I had got about half way across, I found myself in a valley situated at least 500 fathoms beneath the surface of the sea. I began to suffer from want of air. Besides, my situation was far from agreeable for other reasons. I met, from time to time, with huge fishes, which, as far as I could judge from the formidable way in which they opened their throats, seemed not altogether unwilling to swallow up both of us. My poor Rozinante could not see: so I had only my own good sense to help me in escaping from the hostile intentions of these hungry gentlemen. I therefore galloped on without stopping, so as to reach dry land as soon as possible, and finally arrived at the Dutch coast at Helvoetsluys."

Here my father's narrative generally came to an end. I was reminded of it by that famous sling, of which I have given you full particulars, and which, after having been preserved for so many centuries in my family, proved itself of so much use against the sea-horse. I must mention that this famous sling makes the possessor equal to any task he is desirous of performing.

Once again it did me a service in sending a shell by

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my hand, as I have told you, into the midst of the Spaniards, and saving my two friends from the gallows. This, however, was its last exploit. A large piece of it was torn away by the shell, but the fragment that remained in my hand is still preserved to this day in our family, together with a number of other antiquities of the greatest value.

I made a balloon of such extensive dimensions, that an account of the silk it contained would exceed all credibility; every mercer's shop and weaver's stock in London, Westminster, and Spitalfields contributed to it. With this balloon and my sling I played many tricks, such as taking one house from its station, and placing another in its stead, without disturbing the inhabitants, who were generally asleep, or too much employed to observe the peregrinations of their habitations. When the sentinel at Windsor Castle heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen, it was through my dexterity; I brought the buildings nearly together that night, by placing the castle in St. George's Fields, and carried it back again before daylight, without waking any of the inhabitants. Notwithstanding these exploits, I should have kept my balloon and its properties a secret, if Montgolfier had not made the art of flying so public.

On the 30th of September, when the College of Physicians choose their annual officers, and dine sumptuously together, I filled my balloon, brought it over the dome of their building, clapped the sling round the golden ball at the top, fastening the other end of it to the balloon, and immediately ascended

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with the whole college to an immense height, where I kept them upwards of three months. You will naturally inquire what they did for food such a length of time. To this I answer—Had I kept them suspended twice the time, they would have experienced no inconvenience on that account, so amply, or rather extravagantly, had they spread their table for that day's feasting.

Though this was meant as an innocent frolic, it was productive of much mischief to several respectable characters amongst the clergy, undertakers, sextons, and grave-diggers: they were, it must be acknowledged, sufferers; for it is a well-known fact that, during the three months the college was suspended in the air, and therefore incapable of attending their patients, no deaths happened, except a few who fell before the scythe of father Time, and some melancholy objects, who, perhaps, to avoid some trifling inconvenience here, laid the hands of violence upon themselves, and plunged into misery infinitely greater than that which they hoped, by such a rash step, to avoid, without a moment's consideration.

If the apothecaries had not been very active during the above time, half the undertakers, in all probability, would have been bankrupts.

A short time after these events I left Gibraltar, and returned to England, where I met with one of the most singular adventures of my whole life.

I had occasion to go down to Wapping, to see some goods

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shipped, which I was sending to some friends at Hamburg; after that business was over, I landed at the Tower Wharf on my way back. Here I found the sun very powerful, as it was just noon, and I was so much fatigued, that I took it into my head to creep into one of the cannon on the Tower of London to rest myself, where I fell fast asleep. Now, it so happened that this was the 4th of June, the birthday of George III. Exactly at one o'clock these cannon were all fired in memory of the day; they had all been charged that morning; and having no suspicion of my situation, I was shot over the houses on the opposite side of the river, into a farmer's yard, between Bermondsey and Deptford, where I fell upon a large haystack, without waking.

About three months afterwards hay became so extravagantly dear, that the farmer found it his interest to send his whole stock to market. The stack I was reposing upon was the largest in the yard, containing above 500 load, so they began to carry it first. I was awoke at last by the voices of the people who had ascended the ladders to begin at the top, and, still half asleep, and not knowing where I was, I did my best to escape. In so doing I fell plump on to the proprietor's head. I did not suffer so much as a slight scratch in the fall; but the unlucky farmer was very roughly handled thereby: he was killed outright; for, in the most innocent manner, I broke his neck. My conscience felt quite easy on this subject, when I learnt subsequently that the fellow was a shocking miser, who stored his corn and hay in his barns until the time of scarcity came, and he could sell

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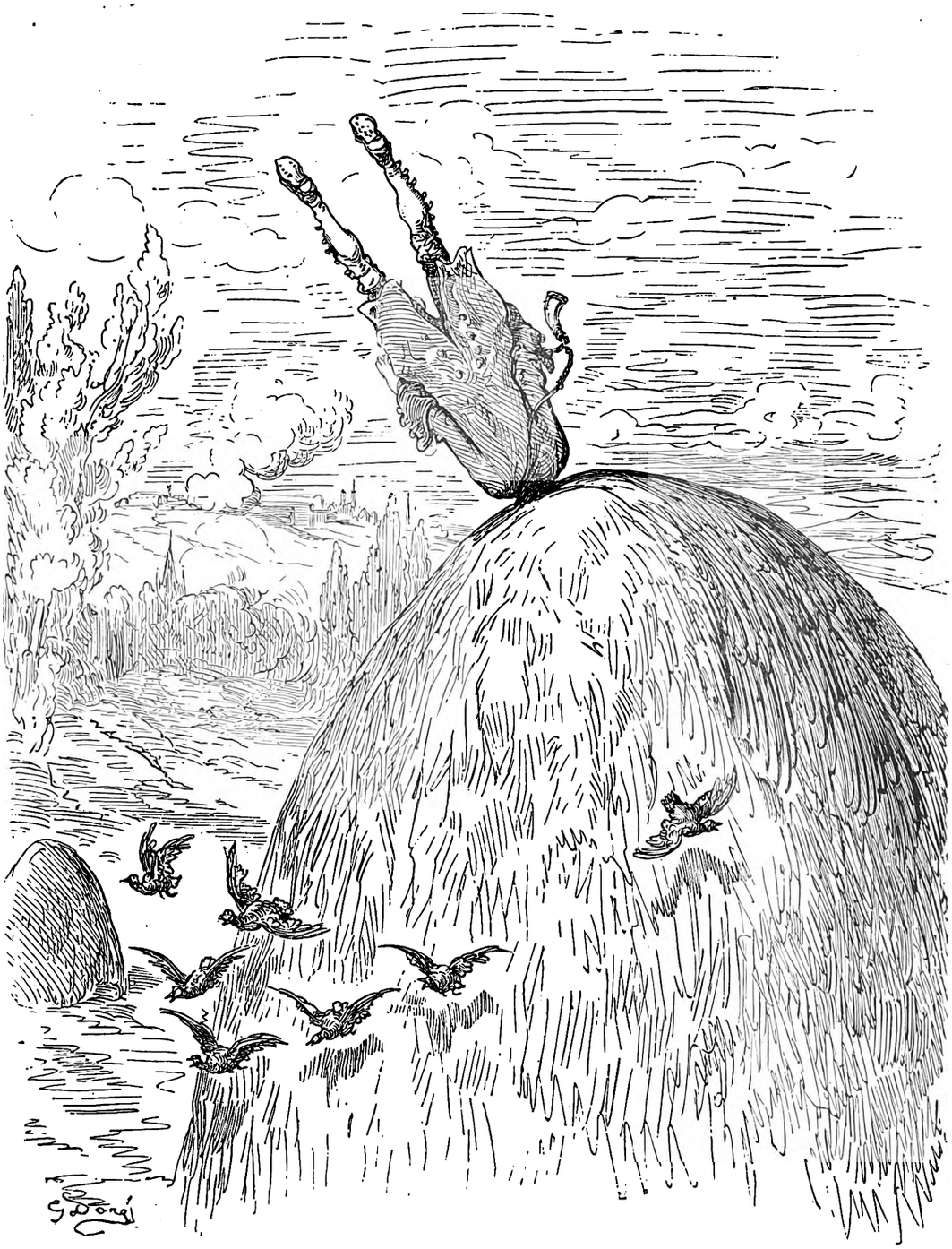

"I fell upon a large haystack."—*Page* 166.

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them at exorbitantly high rates: so that this violent death was a just punishment for his crimes, and a service rendered to the public.

You can easily imagine, gentlemen, how great was my astonishment on completely recovering my senses, when I tried to connect my present thoughts with those I had gone to sleep with three months before! You can fancy, too, the surprise of my friends in London, when they saw me re-appear safe and sound, notwithstanding the long and fruitless search they had set on foot to find me.

Now, gentlemen, fill your glasses, and I will tell you a couple more of my nautical adventures.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE BARON SAILS WITH CAPTAIN PHIPPS, ATTACKS TWO LARGE BEARS, AND HAS A VERY NARROW ESCAPE—GAINS THE CONFIDENCE OF THE ANIMALS, AND THEN DESTROYS THOUSANDS OF THEM; LOADS THE SHIP WITH THEIR HAMS AND SKINS; MAKES PRESENTS OF THE FORMER, AND OBTAINS A GENERAL INVITATION TO ALL CITY FEASTS—A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE CAPTAIN AND THE BARON, IN WHICH, FROM MOTIVES OF POLITENESS, THE CAPTAIN IS SUFFERED TO GAIN HIS POINT.

YOU all remember Captain Phipps' (now Lord Mulgrave) last voyage of discovery in the Arctic Seas. I accompanied the captain, not as an officer, but a private friend. When we had reached a high northern latitude, I took that telescope of mine whose acquaintance you made when I was relating my Gibraltar adventures, and began to sweep the offing with it. For, let me tell you in passing, I find it very useful, especially when one is travelling, to look about one occasionally. About half a mile ahead of us was an enormous iceberg, as high, at least, as our mainmast. I could see two white bears upon it, engaged, as far as I could judge, in a desperate battle.

I immediately took my carbine, slung it across my shoulder, and ascended the ice. But when I had reached the top, I found that the road I was following was extremely dangerous and

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"I had scarcely finished my preparations when the whole herd came round me."—*Page* 174.

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difficult: sometimes hideous cavities opposed me, which I was obliged to spring over; in other parts the surface was as smooth as a mirror, and I was continually falling. I managed, however, to reach the bears, but on doing so I found that they were not fighting, but simply amusing themselves with a game of play.

I immediately began to calculate the value of their skins, for they were each as large as a well-fed ox: unfortunately, at the very instant I was presenting my carbine, my right foot slipped, I fell upon my back, and the violence of the blow deprived me totally of my senses for nearly half an hour. However, when I recovered, judge of my surprise at finding one of the two monsters had turned me upon my face, and was just laying hold of the waistband of my breeches, which were then new and made of leather. I know not whither the brute would have dragged me, had I lost my presence of mind; I drew my knife—this very knife, gentlemen—made a chop at one of his hind-feet, and cut off three of his toes; he immediately let me drop, and roared most horridly. I took up my carbine and fired at him as he ran off; he fell directly. The noise of my piece, however, roused several thousands of his companions, who were asleep upon the ice, in a radius of half a mile. They all came rushing at me at the top of their speed. There was no time to be lost. It would have been all over with me, had not a sudden and a brilliant idea come into my head. I took off the skin and head of the dead bear in half the time that some people

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would be in skinning a rabbit, and wrapped myself in it, placing my own head directly under Bruin's. I had scarcely finished my preparations when the whole herd came round me. I confess that I felt, under my pelisse of furs, alternations of heat and cold; however, my scheme turned out a most admirable one for my own safety. They all came smelling, and evidently took me for a brother Bruin; I wanted nothing but bulk to make an excellent counterfeit: although I saw several cubs amongst them not much larger than myself. After they had smelt at me sufficiently, and at the body of their deceased companion, we soon became on very familiar terms. I found I could imitate exactly all their gestures and movements; but as far as growling and roaring, I am bound to confess that they were my superiors. Still, for all that I appeared to be a bear, I was not the less a man. I began to look out for the best method of turning to my own advantage the intimacy that had sprung up between these animals and myself.

I had heard an old regimental surgeon in former days say that death may be caused instantaneously by making an incision through the spinal marrow. I determined to try. I drew my knife, and selecting the largest bear I could see, I drove it into his spine, between the shoulders. It was a bold stroke, and I had good reason for feeling uneasy; for supposing the beast to survive the wound, it was all over with me—I should be torn in pieces to a certainty. Happily my experiment succeeded —the bear fell dead at my feet without a struggle. After this

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"I saw them all lying dead in a circle round me."—*Page* 177.

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I had no difficulty in settling the others in the same way; for though they saw their brothers and sisters falling around them, they seemed to be free from all suspicion, and not to give a thought to the cause of the fall of each of these unhappy individuals—an indifference which was my security.

When I saw them all lying dead in a circle round me, I returned to the ship, and asked for three-fourths of the crew to help me to bring on board the skins and the hams. The rest of the meat we threw into the sea—though, had we had means to salt it properly, it would have made a very palatable sort of food.

As soon as we got back to England, I sent some hams, in the captain's name, to the Lords of the Admiralty, the Barons of the Exchequer, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and the City Companies. The rest I distributed among my personal friends. From all sides I received the warmest thanks, and the City paid me the compliment of inviting me to the annual banquet given after the nomination of the Lord Mayor.

The captain has often been heard to declare how deeply he regretted that he had taken no part in this glorious day's work, which he named the "Battle of the Bear Skins." He was jealous of the credit I got, and sought to depreciate it by every means in his power. We often had a quarrel on the subject, and even at the present day we are not on the best of terms. He does not scruple, for instance, to say that there was no such great merit, after all, in deceiving the bears by wrapping myself in the

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skin of one of their fraternity; and that, for his part, he would have gone into the midst of them without a mask on, and been quite as successful as I was in passing himself off for a bear.

But I always feel that this is far too delicate a subject for any man with a pretence to good breeding to discuss with so exalted a personage as a peer of Great Britain!

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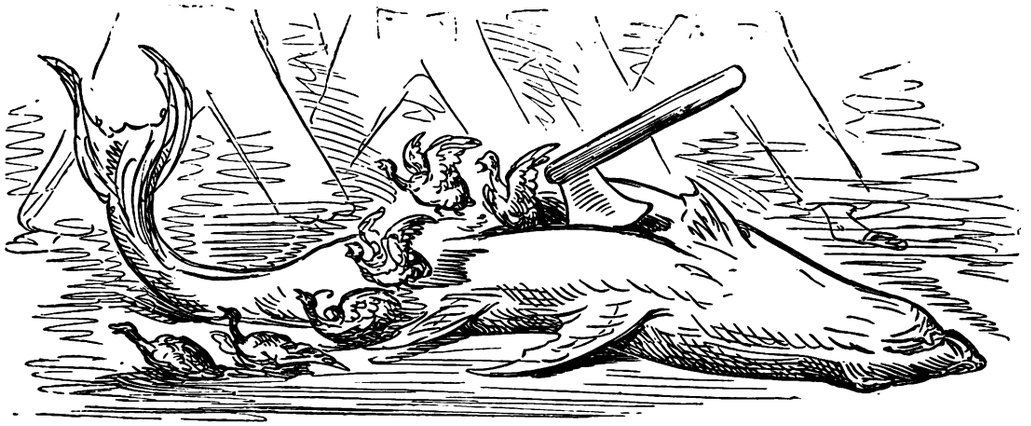

CHAPTER XV.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE EAST INDIES WITH A REMARKABLE POINTER—DISPUTE REGARDING THE BARON'S HEALTH—CAPTURE OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SHARK—HOW THE CREW WERE SUPPLIED WITH GAME DURING THE ENTIRE VOYAGE.

ON another occasion I sailed from England to the East Indies with Captain Hamilton. I took with me a pointer dog, who, in the strictest acceptation of the term, is worth his weight in gold, for he has never failed me yet. One day, when, by the most exact reckoning, we were at least 300 miles from land, my dog began to point. I was surprised to see that he remained in this position upwards of an hour; so I told the captain and the officers, and assured them that we must be close to land, for my dog scented game. All the thanks I got for my information was a loud burst of laughter. However, my belief in my dog was not in the least shaken thereby.

A long discussion ensued, in which my opinion was strenuously combated. At the end of it I told the captain plainly

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that I had more confidence in my dog Tray's nose than in the eyes of all the sailors on board his vessel put together, and I boldly wagered 100 guineas—all I had with me for the expenses of my journey—that we should find some game before half an hour was over.

The captain, who was a very good fellow, laughed louder than ever, and begged Mr. Crawford, our surgeon, to feel my pulse. He did so, and pronounced me to be in perfect health. They then began to converse in whispers: I managed, however, to hear a few sentences.

"He's not in his right senses," the captain said. "I cannot honestly take his bet."

"I don't agree with you at all," replied the surgeon; "the Baron is in perfect health. The only thing is that he has more confidence in his dog's sense of smell than in our officers' knowledge of navigation. He'll certainly lose his bet, and serve him right."

"I've no right to take such a bet," the captain said again. "However, I can get out of the difficulty in an honourable way, by returning him his money if I win."

While this conversation lasted, Tray never moved, so I felt my opinion strengthened. I offered my bet again, and it was taken.

We had scarcely pronounced the customary "Done with you!" when some sailors fishing in the gig, which was being towed astern of us, caught a huge shark. No time was lost in

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hauling it on deck; and when they cut it open, behold, there flew out of its stomach six couple of partridges!

The poor birds had been there so long that one of them had laid five eggs, which she was sitting on, and a chick was just hatching when she was set at liberty.

We reared the young birds with a litter of kittens that had come into the world a few minutes before. The cat took as much care of them as she did of her own offspring, and showed the utmost anxiety whenever one of the partridges flew away, and did not return immediately to her side. As there were four hen partridges in our capture, we managed to have one always sitting, so that our table was never without game for the rest of the voyage.

I rewarded my faithful Tray for winning the 100 guineas, by giving him every day the bones of the partridges we had eaten, and now and then a whole bird.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A SECOND VISIT (BUT AN ACCIDENTAL ONE) TO THE MOON—THE SHIP DRIVEN BY A WHIRLWIND A THOUSAND LEAGUES ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, WHERE A NEW ATMOSPHERE MEETS THE TRAVELLERS, AND CARRIES THEM INTO A CAPACIOUS HARBOUR—A DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS, AND THEIR MANNER OF COMING INTO THE LUNARIAN WORLD—ANIMAL CREATION, WEAPONS, WINES, VEGETABLES, ETC.

I HAVE already told you, gentlemen, the story of my voyage to the moon to recover my silver hatchet. I went there a second time, but in a much more agreeable way: and I stayed long enough to observe several things, which I will tell you as exactly as my memory will allow me.

A distant relation of mine had a theory that there must be somewhere a nation as tall as those which Gulliver pretends to have found in Brobdingnag. He determined to start to look for them, and asked me to go with him. For my part I had

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"It looked round and shining like a glittering island."—*Page* 185.

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always looked upon Gulliver's narrative as a fable, and I believed no more in Brobdingnag than I did in Eldorado; but as my worthy relative had made his will in my favour, you will see that I owed him some consideration. We reached the South Sea without accident, and without meeting anything worth speaking of, except it may be a few pairs of flying men and women, who were playing at leap-frog, and dancing minuets in the air.

On the eighteenth day after passing Otaheite, a hurricane seized our vessel, whirled it to a height of nearly 1,000 leagues above the sea, and kept it there for some time. At last a fair wind filled our sails and carried us along at a great rate. When we had sailed some six weeks above the clouds we made land. At a distance it looked round and shining, like a glittering island. We entered a good harbour, landed, and found the country inhabited. We saw towns, trees, mountains, rivers, lakes; so that we could almost believe ourselves at home again.

I need hardly tell you that the glittering island on which we had landed was the moon. We saw there beings of gigantic stature riding on griffins, each of which had three heads. To give you an idea of the size of these birds, I must tell you that from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other is a distance six times as long as the longest of our walking-sticks. The inhabitants of the moon use these birds, instead of horses, for riding and driving.

When we arrived we found the king of the country at

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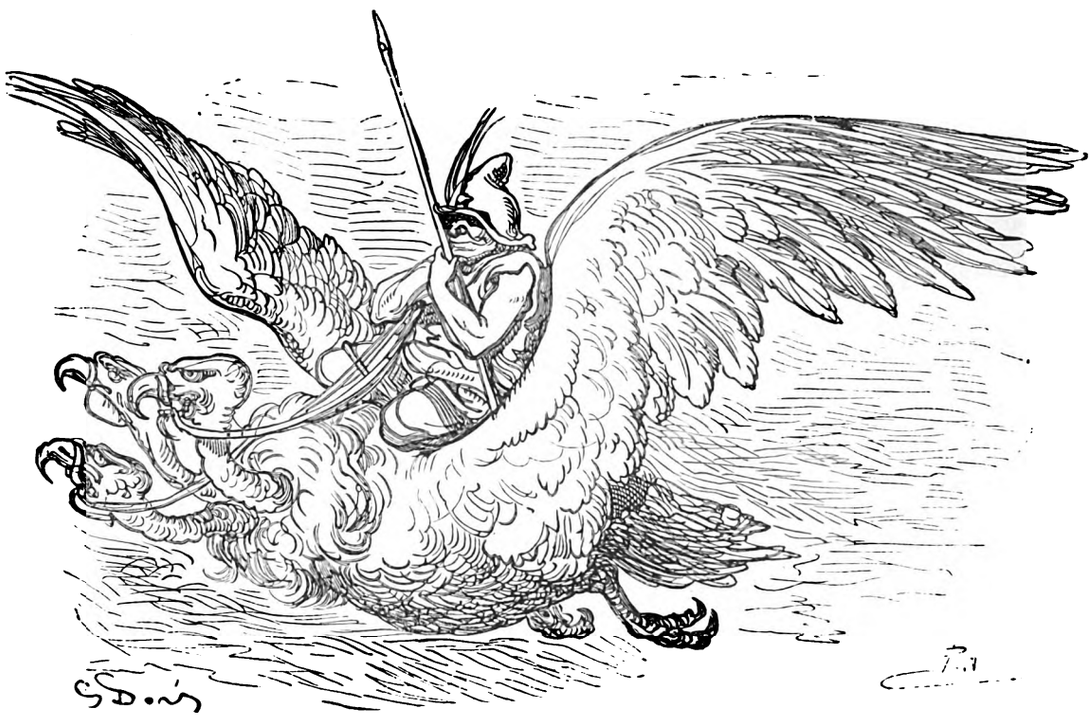
war with the sun. He offered me an officer's commission—an honour, however, which I begged his majesty would forgive me for declining.

Everything there is of extraordinary size. A common house-fly, for instance, is nearly as large as a sheep. The arms in common use among the inhabitants of the moon are sticks



of horse-radish, which they handle as we do javelins, and which kill all who are struck by them. When the season for horse-radish is over, they use stalks of asparagus. Enormous mushrooms serve them for shields.

I saw there some natives of Sirius, who had come over on business. They have a head like a bull-dog's, and eyes at

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the tip of their nose, or I should say on the lower end of that appendage. They have no eyelids; but when they want to go to sleep, they cover their eyes with their tongue. Their average height is twenty feet, while that of the natives of the moon is never under thirty-six. The latter have a name which is whimsical enough — they are called "creatures that cook;" and are so denominated because they prepare their victuals before the fire, just as we do. They do not, however, spend any time in eating: for on the left side of their body they have a little door which they can open, and throw their meals into their stomachs whole. After this they close the door, and repeat the operation on the same day next month. By this means they have only twelve meals a year—an arrangement that all temperate persons must surely approve of.

The inhabitants of the moon grow upon trees, which are of different kinds, according to the fruit they bear. Those that produce the "creatures that cook," or men, are much handsomer than the others: their branches are long and straight, and their leaves flesh-colour; their fruit is a sort of nut, with a very hard shell, and full six feet long. When these are ripe they are carefully gathered, and preserved as long as is thought desirable. When it is wished to get at the kernel, the nuts are thrown into a great caldron of boiling water: after some hours the shell peels off, and out comes a living creature.

Before they make their appearance in the world, the position that they are to fill has been already settled by Nature.

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A soldier issues from one shell, a philosopher from another, a theologian from a third, a farmer from a fourth, a peasant from a fifth, and so on; and each sets to work at once to put in practice what he has hitherto known only in theory. The only difficulty is to determine with certainty what the shell contains. When I was there, a man of science was loudly

affirming that he had discovered the secret; but no attention was paid to him, and by most people he was looked upon as mad.

When the inhabitants of the moon grow old, they do not die, but melt away, and disappear in smoke.

They carry their heads under their right arm, and when they go on a journey, or have any business to transact which requires a great deal of moving about, their usual habit is to leave their head at home: for they can ask its advice, no matter how far off.

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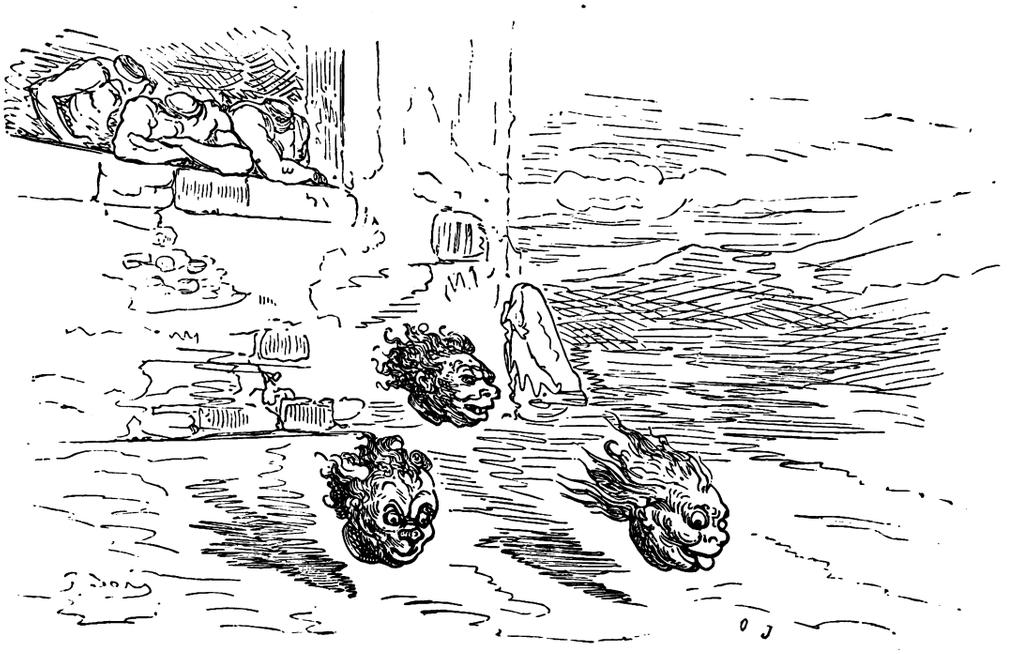
In the moon, when persons of distinction want to know what the lower orders are about, they do not go and look for them. On the contrary, they stay at home—that is to say, their bodies do. They send their heads into the street to see what is going on. When the information has been obtained, back comes the head as soon as summoned by its owner.



Grape-stones in the moon exactly resemble our hail; and I am firmly convinced that when a tempest shakes the fruit off its stalk, the stones fall on our earth, and make our hail. Nay, further, I am led to believe that our wine merchants have long since been aware of this fact; at any rate, I have frequently drunk wine that tasted as if it had been made of hailstones, and whose taste reminded me of that of the wine of the moon.

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They can take out their eyes and put them in again at will; and when they hold them in their hands, they can see as well as if they had them in their heads. Should they chance to lose or break one, they can hire or buy a new one, which is quite as useful to them as the first was; also in the moon you see people selling eyes at the corners of the streets. They keep a very great variety, for fashion frequently changes—sometimes blue eyes are worn, sometimes black.

I know, gentlemen, that all this must appear very strange to you; but I beg anybody who doubts my veracity to go to the moon, and there see for himself, and he will find that I have stuck more closely to the truth than any previous traveller has done.

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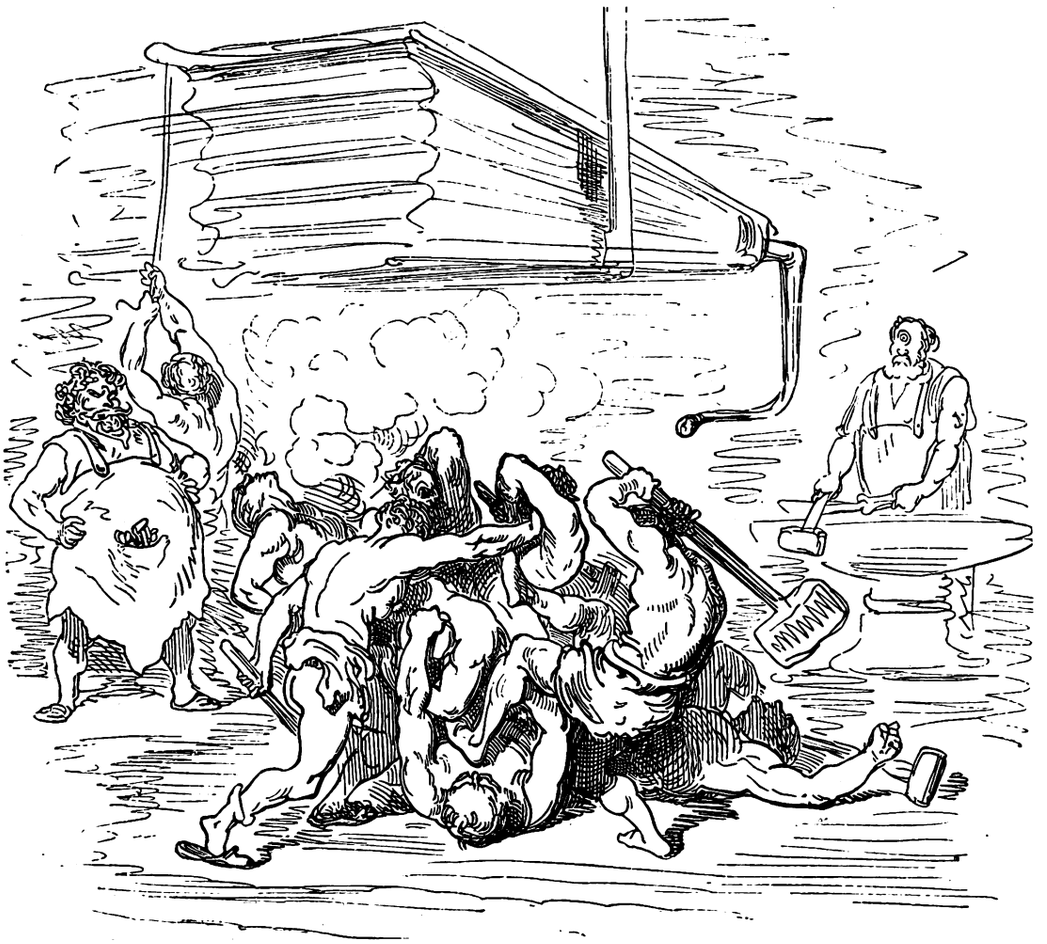

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BARON SLIPS THROUGH THE WORLD, AFTER PAYING A VISIT TO MOUNT ETNA—HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SOUTH SEA—VISITS VULCAN ON HIS PASSAGE—GETS ON BOARD A DUTCHMAN—ARRIVES AT THE ISLAND OF CHEESE, SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF MILK—DESCRIBES SOME VERY EXTRAORDINARY OBJECTS.

TO judge by your countenances, I am sure that I should become weary of relating to you the extraordinary adventures of my life much sooner than you would be of listening to them. Your courtesy flatters me so much, that I cannot think

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of continuing the story of my second journey to the moon, as I had meant to do. Attend to me, then, while I tell you a story, the authenticity of which is as incontestible as that of the preceding one; but which far surpasses it in the strange and marvellous nature of its details.

The late Mr. Brydone's travels in Sicily had inspired me with a lively desire of visiting Etna. Nothing remarkable befell me on the journey. I say this, although many others, to make unsuspecting readers pay the expenses of their journey, by buying their travels, would have told at great length, and with much emphasis, a lot of stupid details, that respectable people ought not to have their time taken up with.

At an early hour one morning, I started from a cottage at the foot of the mountain, where I had passed the night, with a firm resolution to examine, even should it cost me my life, the interior of this famous volcano. After a severe climb of three hours, I reached the summit of the mountain, which for three weeks had been rumbling without intermission. I presume that you know Etna, gentlemen, by the numerous descriptions that have been written of it; I therefore will not attempt to say over again what you know as well as I do, and I will spare you a tedious story, and myself a deal of needless fatigue.

I walked three times round the crater, of which you can form some idea by imagining an enormous funnel; but perceiving that, however much I might walk round and round, I should not advance a step nearer my object, I formed a brave resolution

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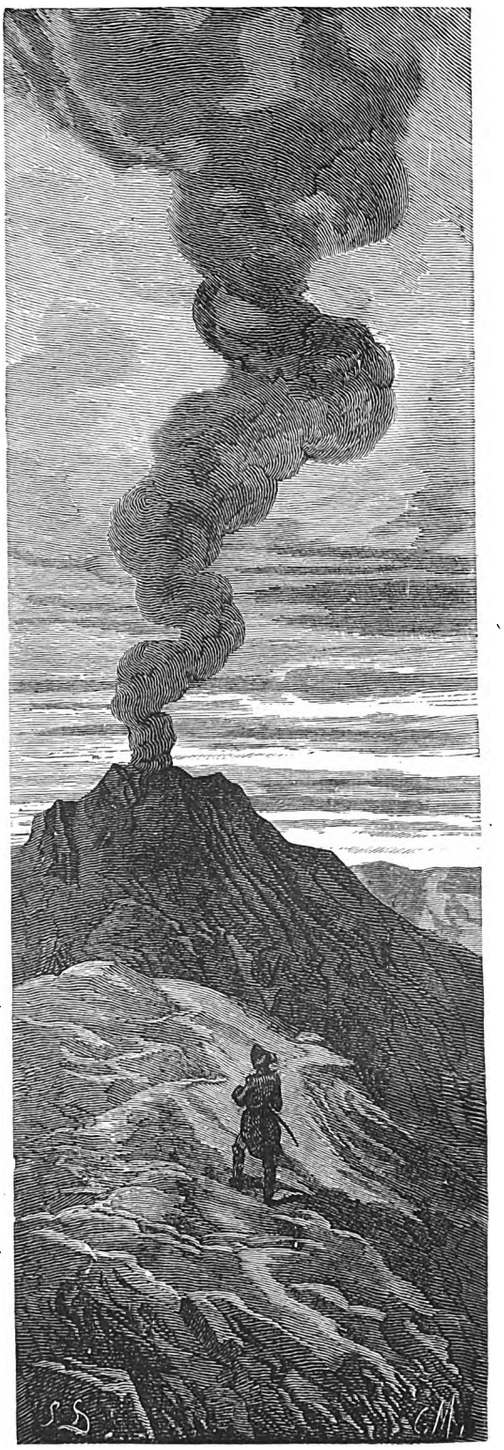
that I would jump in. I had no sooner taken my leap than I felt as though I had plunged into a bath of boiling vapour; while the glowing embers that were flying about in all directions struck at my poor body, and burnt my limbs severely.

But no matter how violently the burning masses flew about, I descended more rapidly than they ascended—thanks to the laws that regulate falling bodies—and in a few moments I touched the bottom. The first thing I was aware of was a terrific noise—a confused sound of oaths, cries, and roars mingled together, that seemed to rise up in all directions around me. I opened my eyes, and saw—what do you think? Vulcan in person, attended by his Cyclops. These, gentlemen — whom my good sense had dismissed long ago to take their place in the



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world of fiction—had been quarrelling for three weeks about some point of internal organisation; and it was this dispute that was disturbing the surface of the earth above. The sight of me at once re-established peace and unanimity in the noisy assembly, as though by magic.

Vulcan immediately hobbled away to his cupboard, and brought out certain salves and plaisters, which he applied to my wounds

with his own hands. In a few moments they were cured. He then set before me some refreshments—a bottle of nectar and some other precious wines, such as are drunk by gods and goddesses alone. As soon as I was tolerably rested, he introduced me to Venus, his wife, desiring her to lavish upon me all the attentions my position required. But how shall I describe to you the richness of the apartment to which she conducted

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me; the softness of the couch on which she bade me recline; the divine charm that governed every gesture; the tenderness of her heart? There is no word in any tongue of earth that

can express all this. The very thought of it makes my brain whirl.

Vulcan described Etna to me in great detail. He explained

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how this mountain is nothing but a heap of cinders raked out of a furnace; he stated that he was often obliged to take severe measures against his work-people, and that then, in his anger, he flung burning coals at them, which they parried so cleverly as to let them fly upwards to the earth, in the hopes of exhausting his store of ammunition. "Our quarrels," he added,

"sometimes last several months, and the phenomena that they cause upon the surface of the earth are what you term, I believe, eruptions. Mount Vesuvius is also one of my forges; a passage 300 miles in length, passing under the bed of the sea, leads thither. There also similar quarrels give rise to analogous disturbances on the earth."

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"He held me suspended over a sort of well."—*Page* 199.

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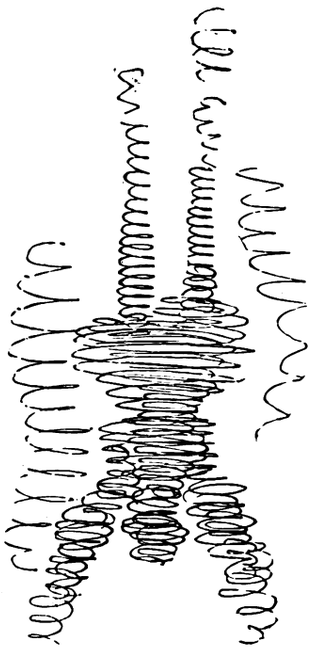
But if the instructive conversation of the husband gave me pleasure, I was still more fascinated by the society of the wife, and I should, perhaps, have never left their subterranean palace, had not some scandal-mongers lighted the fires of jealousy in Vulcan's heart. One morning, without a word of notice, he seized me by the collar, whilst conversing with the lovely goddess, and led me into a room that I had not as yet seen. Then he held me suspended over a sort of well, of vast depth, and said to me, "Ungrateful mortal! return to the world whence thou camest."



With these awful words, and without giving me a moment to urge a syllable in my defence, he hurled me into the abyss.

I fell, with a rapidity that increased every instant, until terror had deprived me of all consciousness. But on a sudden I was recovered from my fainting fit by feeling myself plunged into an immense lake of water illuminated by the rays of the sun. It was a state of paradise and repose, compared to the frightful journey I had just taken.

I looked around me, in all directions, and could see nothing but water. The temperature was quite different from what I had been accustomed to in Vulcan's palace. After some time I caught sight of an object at some distance off, looking like an

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enormous rock, and apparently advancing towards me. I soon saw that it was an iceberg.

I examined it for some time before I could find a nook that

I could perch in. At last I succeeded, and managed to climb to the top. It was with a feeling of despair that I found no sign of land. At last, just before nightfall, I caught sight of a vessel

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sailing in my direction. As soon as she got within speaking distance, I hailed her at the top of my voice. I was answered in Dutch. I flung myself into the sea, and swam to the ship, where I was soon hauled on board. My first words were to ask where we were. "In the South Seas," they replied. This fact explained all my difficulties. It was plain that I had traversed the centre of the earth, and fallen through Etna into the South Sea—a course which will be found much more direct than to go round the world. No one before me had ever attempted this passage; and should I ever try it a second time, I promise you I will bring back several observations of the deepest interest.

I got something to eat and went to bed. What ill-bred people the Dutch are, gentlemen! The next day I related my adventures to the officers as precisely and simply as I have just done here, and several of them, especially the captain, looked as if they doubted the truth of my words. However, as they had entertained me hospitably on board their vessel, and I had them to thank for being alive at all, it was quite necessary for me to pocket the affront without a word of reply.

I next asked what port they were bound to. They answered that they were on a voyage of discovery, and that if what I had told them proved true, they had attained their object. We were following precisely the same course as Captain Cook, and next day we reached Botany Bay.

I could not help thinking that the English Government should not send its good-for-nothings there as a punishment,

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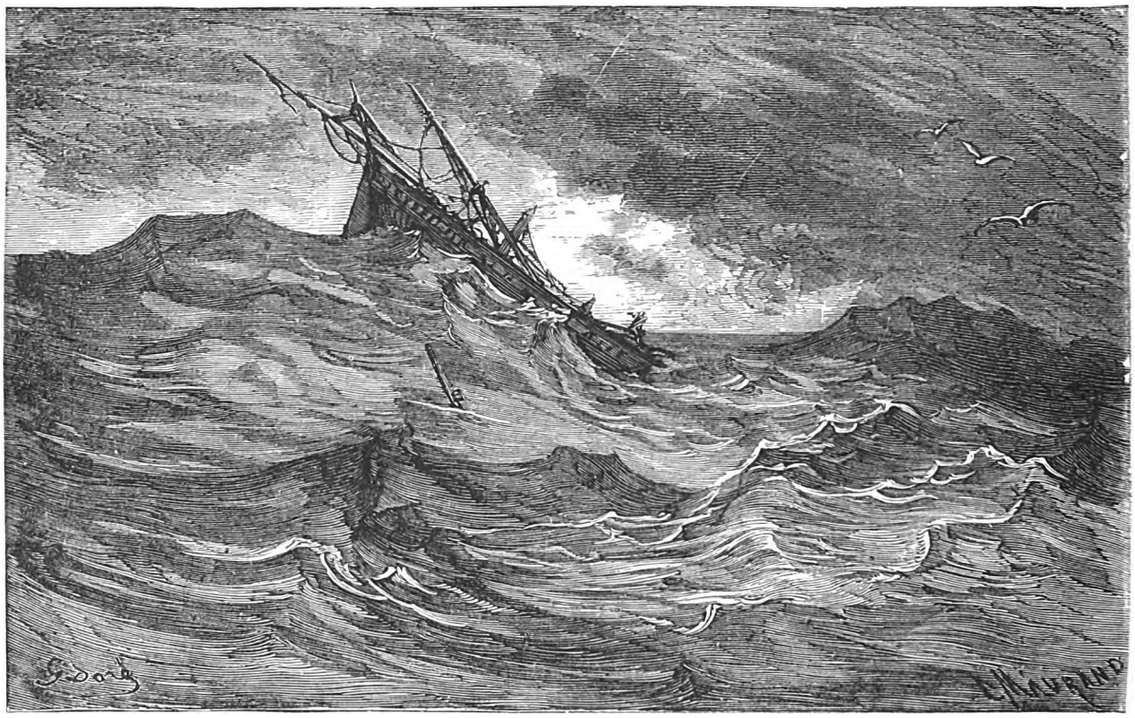
but its honest people as a reward—so beautiful is the country, and so richly endowed by Nature.

We stayed only three days at Botany Bay. On the fourth day after we had left, we were overtaken by a terrible storm, which tore all our canvas to ribbons, broke our bowsprits, carried away our top-gallants, which fell through the roof of the



cabin where the compass was kept, and broke it all to pieces. Any one who has been at sea will know what are the consequences of a similar accident: we neither knew where we were nor in what direction to steer. At last the weather moderated, and was succeeded by a long continuance of fine weather and a fair wind.

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We sailed for three months, and must have got over an enormous amount of ground, when all of a sudden we observed a singular change in all that surrounded us. We felt quite gay and cheerful, our nostrils were filled with the softest and most fragrant odours; the sea itself had changed colour, for it was no longer green, but white.

Before long we came in sight of land, and perceiving a harbour at some distance off, we shaped our course towards it. On reaching it we found it spacious and deep. Instead of water,

it was full of exquisite milk. We went on shore, and found that the whole island consisted of an immense cheese. We should perhaps never have discovered this, had it not been for a curious circumstance which set us looking for it. One of our sailors had a natural aversion to cheese. The moment he set foot on shore, he fainted quite away. When he came to himself he begged us to remove the cheese from under his feet. An examination was made, and it was discovered that he was perfectly right—the island was, as I told you before, neither more

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nor less than a huge cheese. Most of the inhabitants lived upon cheese, the portions that were eaten by them during the day being replaced during the night. We saw there a great quantity of vines loaded with bunches of large grapes, which, when squeezed, yielded nothing but milk. The natives were tall and handsome, and most of them nine feet high. They

had three legs and one arm, and the adults had on their foreheads a horn, which they used with wonderful dexterity. They run races on the surface of the milk, and walk about upon it, without sinking in, as naturally as we do upon a lawn.

There grew upon this island, or I should say upon this cheese, a great quantity of corn, whose ears, like mushrooms in shape, held loaves of bread, baked and ready to eat. In

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walking over the cheese we met with seven rivers of milk and two of wine.

After a voyage of sixteen days we came to the coast opposite to that we had landed on. In this district of the island

we found whole plains of cheese in that blue state from age which epicures like so much. But instead of finding it full of maggots, we saw magnificent fruit-trees growing in it—cherries, peaches, apricots, and twenty other sorts that we know nothing of. These trees, which are extraordinarily tall and thick, harboured

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a great quantity of birds' nests. Among others we observed a kingfisher's nest, whose circumference was five times as great as the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral in London: it was artistically constructed of gigantic trees, and contained—wait a moment till I recollect the exact number—it contained 500 eggs, the smallest

of which were as big as a hogshead. We could not see the young ones inside, but we could hear their twitter. When, after great exertions, we managed to open one of these eggs, we saw a little bird come out of it with no feathers on, but as big as some twenty of our hawks. Scarcely had we hatched the young halcyon before the old one swooped down upon us, seized our

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"The old one swooped down upon us."—*Page* 206.

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captain in its talons, flew up a good three miles into the air with him, and then struck him violently with its wings, and let him fall into the sea.

The Dutch swim like water-rats; so it was not long before the captain rejoined us, and we got back all together to our vessel. But we did not return by the same course, so that we were able to make some fresh observations. Among the game we had killed were two buffaloes of a peculiar kind, which had only one horn, placed between their eyes. We were sorry afterwards that we had killed them: for we learned that the natives broke them, and used them just like draught or saddle horses. We were assured that their flesh was exquisite, but absolutely useless to a people that lives on nothing but milk and cheese.

Two days before we got back to our ship, we saw three individuals hung by their legs to huge trees. I asked what crime had entailed so terrible a punishment, and I learned that they had travelled abroad, and on their return had told their countrymen a lot of lies, describing to them places they had never seen, and adventures that had never happened to them. I thought they richly deserved their punishment, for the first duty of a traveller is never to stray from the paths of truth.

When we got on board we heaved our anchor, and bid adieu to this singular country. All the trees along the shore, some of which were enormous in girth, and very tall in stature, bowed twice as they saluted us in unison. After this they resumed their former positions.

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After drifting about, we knew not where, for we were without a compass, we came to a sea that seemed all black: we tasted what we thought was dirty water, and found it to be excellent wine. It was with great difficulty that we prevented our crew from getting drunk. But our joy was not of long duration, for some hours afterwards we found ourselves surrounded by whales

and other fish equally vast in size; there was one of such prodigious length that we could not see the end of him, even with a telescope. By ill luck we did not see the monster till he was close to us: he swallowed at one gulp our ship at full sail. When we had been some time in his throat, he opened his jaws to take in a great gulp of water; our vessel, floating on

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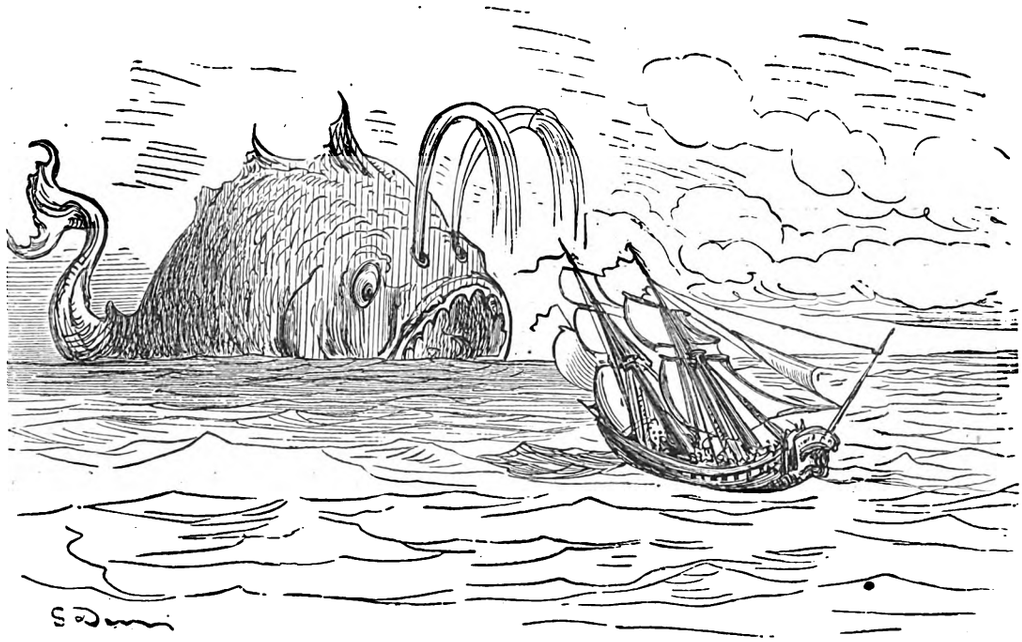
this current, was drawn into the monster's stomach, where we were as quiet as though we had been at anchor in a dead calm. The air, I must admit, was heated and heavy. We saw in his stomach anchors, cables, barges, and a good number of vessels, some with their cargoes on board, others empty, which had fallen into the same plight as ourselves. We were obliged to exist by



torch-light; we could see nothing of the sun, the moon, or the stars. It usually happened that twice a day we were left high and dry, and twice we floated. When the monster drank we floated, and when he poured the water out we were left dry. We made an exact estimate of the quantity of water he drank, and found that it would be sufficient to fill the Lake of Geneva, which is thirty miles in circumference.

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On the second day of our captivity in this gloomy region, I ventured, accompanied by the captain and some of his officers, to take a short excursion when it was low water, as we used to say. We had provided ourselves with torches, and we encountered, one after the other, nearly 10,000 men of different nations, who were in the same case as ourselves. They began to deliberate eagerly upon the means they could employ for the recovery of their liberty. Some of them had passed several years already in the stomach of the monster. But at the very moment when the president was beginning to inform us of the subject of the resolution to be proposed to the meeting, our tyrant of a fish commenced drinking: the water poured in with such violence that we had only just time to regain our several ships; several of us, less active than the rest, had to swim for our lives.

When the fish opened his mouth again, and poured the water out, we assembled afresh, and I was chosen president. I proposed to them to fasten two of our tallest masts together, end to end; and when the monster opened his jaws, to plant them in such a manner as should prevent his shutting his mouth again. This plan was passed by acclamation, and a hundred of the strongest men among us were selected to put it into execution. The two masts had scarcely been arranged according to my directions, before a favourable moment presented itself. The monster began to yawn; we planted our two masts in such a way that their lower end was fixed in his tongue, while the

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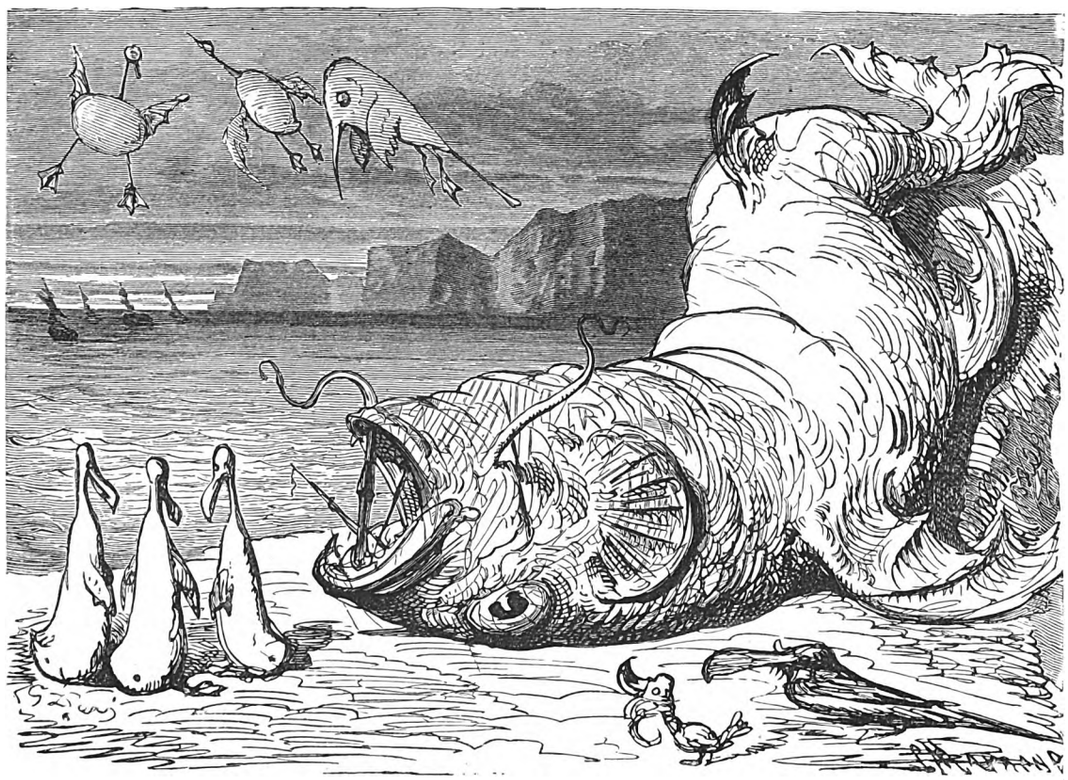
upper pierced the roof of his palate, so that he would be unable, for ever after, to make his jaws meet.

As soon as we found ourselves afloat, we manned the boats, in which we rowed ourselves out, and came back into the world. It was with joy inexpressible that we saw once more the light of



the sun, of which we had been deprived during our fortnight's imprisonment. When every one had left the vast stomach of the monster, we found we were a fleet of thirty-five ships of all nations. We left our two masts fixed in the monster's throat, to preserve from an accident similar to ours those who should find themselves drawn towards that abyss.

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Our first wish, after our deliverance, was to know what part of the world we were in. It was long before we could be certain on this point. At last, thanks to some observations I had taken on a previous occasion, I discovered that we were in the Caspian Sea. This sea being surrounded by land on all sides, and communicating with no other piece of water, we could not understand how we had got there. However, a native of the cheese island, whom I had brought with me, explained the matter to us with great probability. According to his view, the monster in whose stomach we had resided so long had reached this sea by a subterranean passage. In short, there we were, and very happy we were to be there. We made all sail in the direction of the land. I was the first to land.

Scarcely had I set foot on the shore, when I found myself assailed by a huge bear.

"Oh! oh!" thought I, "you have come in the nick of time."

I took his fore feet in my two hands, and squeezed them with such cordiality that he began to utter howls of despair; but I, without allowing myself to be influenced by his lamentations, kept him in that position till he died of hunger. Thanks to this exploit, I inspired all bears with such respect, that not one of them has ever since dared to quarrel with me.

I went from there to St. Petersburg, where I received from an old friend a present that was very acceptable to me. It was a pointer dog, a descendant of that famous pointer bitch who

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brought into the world a litter of puppies while she was coursing a hare. Unhappily, this dog was killed by an awkward sportsman, who shot him while firing at a covey of partridges. I had made out of his skin the waistcoat that I am now wearing, which, when I go out shooting, invariably leads me up to the

place where the game lies. When I am near enough to be within shot, a button flies off towards the place where the game is lying, and as I always carry my gun charged and at full cock, I never fail to bring my bird down.

I have got three buttons left, as you see; but as soon as the shooting season begins, I shall have two rows put on.

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Come and pay me a visit then, and you will see that I shall be able to show you some sport.

I now take the liberty of retiring, and of wishing you all a very good night.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS, LONDON, E.C.

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